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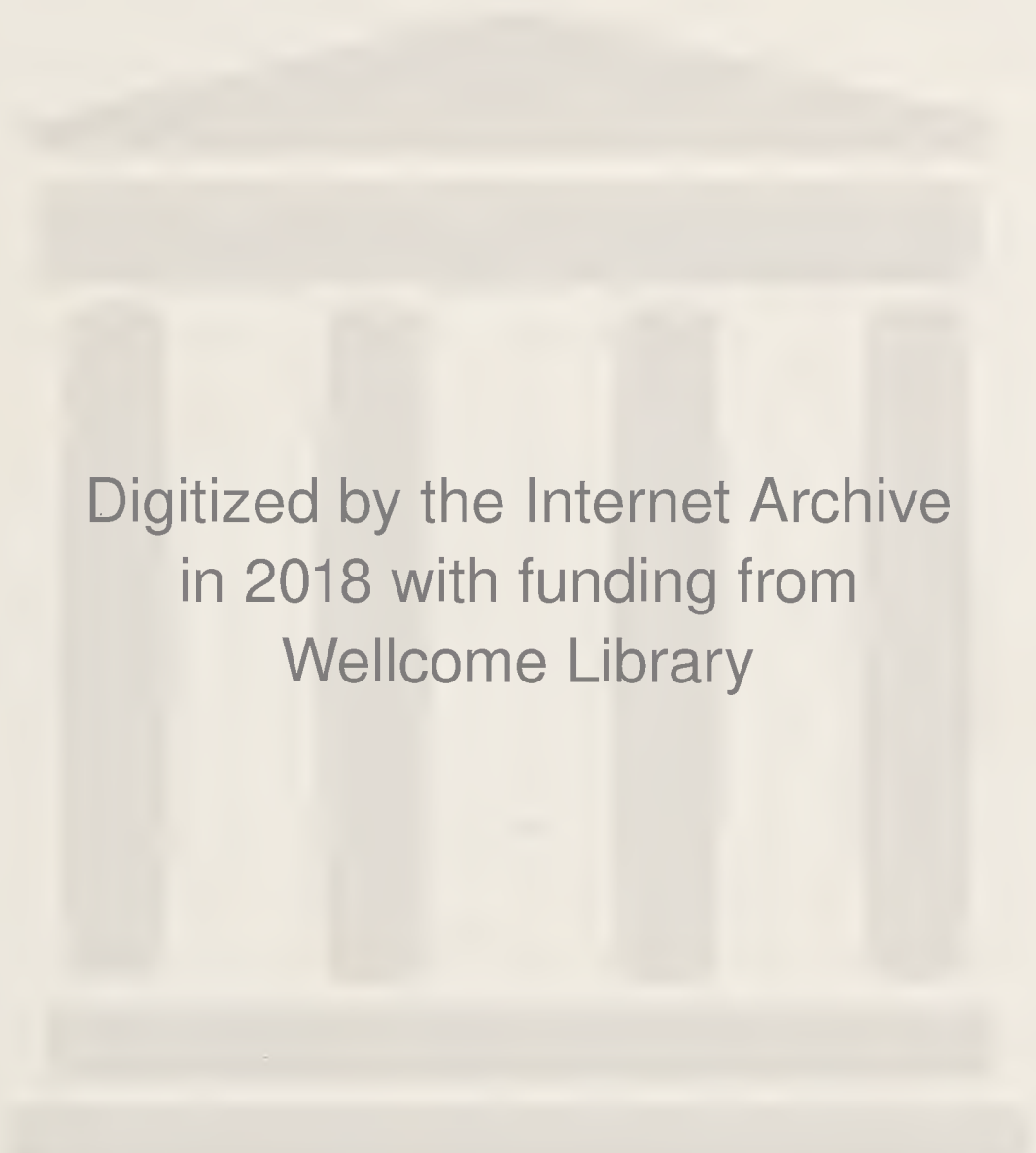
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KOTZEBUE'S TRAVELS.

A Journey from Berlin, through Switzerland, to Paris, in the Year 1804; *by Augustus Von Kotzebue, Author of the Stranger, Lovers' Vows, Pizarro, &c. &c. Translated from the German. In Three Volumes, small Octavo.* London: PHILLIPS.

OF all contemporary writers, we shall certainly be justified in observing that no one has excited more general attention and admiration than Kotzebue; and the present production will be found to detract in no degree from his high and well-earned reputation. The immortal Shakspeare, though so ardently attached to, and so pre-eminently excellent in dramatick writing, proved that his genius was not confined to that species of composition alone, but that he was also qualified to shine in other of the principal branches of poetry. The same, with respect to literature, may be said of Kotzebue; who, though he may fairly be considered as the first of modern dramatists, has also proved that he can powerfully excite not merely the passive approbation, but even the strongest passions of his readers, when he appears as a narrator of passing events. No person, we think, can have perused the account of his exile into Siberia, without experiencing the most lively emotion at his sufferings, and coinciding in the justness of his remarks. In the work which we are about to submit to our readers, he appears to still greater advantage; as he now comes forward with a mind at ease, not merely to relate his personal adventures, but to give a fair and interesting description of the various manners, customs, and ceremonies of the modern *Rome*.

If it were not from an apprehension that we might be accused of partiality, we should unequivocally assert that notwithstanding the numerous travels, tours, and journeys, which have lately been made to and through the French Republic, this of Kotzebue now before us is, to say the least, equal in point of interest to most which have appeared. We shall, however, prefer dispensing with all adulatory circumlocution; and, by a correct analysis of M. Kotzebue's production, enable our readers to judge for themselves.

The simple advertisement prefixed to these volumes, though it consist only of a few lines, is nevertheless too interesting to be passed over. "The only merit I attribute to my cursory remarks," says our author, "is that of having made them *myself*: they are my own views; I have imitated no one." A similar declaration from all modern travellers would doubtless be very agreeable information to the public: but when M. Kotzebue informs us that he has been obliged to omit certain passages, of the truth and justice of which he was fully convinced, in consequence of the censorial regulations to which the press is subjected upon the continent, we cannot but feel proud in living in a country where laws so inimical to the freedom of opinion are unknown; and where any man, however humble his talents, or obscure his situation, may fairly examine the public conduct of his superiors, without apprehension for his personal security.

This work, it appears, is addressed to a lady, principally in Letters. After some excellent remarks on travelling, in which life is compared to a journey, our author describes the effect which his mind experienced on witnessing a grand review of the Prussian troops at Potsdam, enlivened by the presence of royalty. It appeared to him too grand and gay; and he declares that he felt so agitated, that he could not breathe freely till he had reached the deep and lonely sand, surrounded with pine-trees, behind the town.

In the introduction the remarks of our author, cursory as they are, extend to so many different subjects, that in adverting to them we must unwillingly require the aid of brevity. It seems that the roads of Saxony, between Wittenberg and Duben, are uncommonly bad. This induces him to observe, that if the Chinese, who will not suffer strangers to reside in their country, were to render travelling difficult by the badness of their roads, they might gain their object. It is indeed worthy of notice, that though three annual fairs are held at Leipzig, the thousands of strangers who attend them are obliged to convey thither the productions of every country, over roads almost impassable, when it is considered that the duties levied for their repair are enormous; it however proves only, that in every country, they who enjoy the receipt of the public money know how to apply it to purposes very distinct from those for which it is collected. The postilion, who was a Lutheran, explained the circumstance, by observing that if the roads were so bad, and were suffered to remain so, it was only because the elector is a catholic. "I certainly," says M. Kotzebue, "should never have sought in this circumstance the reason of the badness of the roads in Saxony. I laughed, yet was vexed to find that a Lutheran could be so intolerant. Formerly the catholics only were

reproached for branding people with the name of heretics, but it will shortly be the reverse. Only hear, by way of contrast to the Lutheran postilion, what a Roman-catholic servant-maid said to me at Neuhof, a small town in the district of Fulda. 'Is this place catholic?' asked I. 'Yes,' was the answer.—'But not the prince?'—'No.'—'Then he cannot be saved, I suppose?' continued I, joking.—'Nay, why not, pray, if he is but a good man? We all wish to go to heaven.'—'True! But the catholics are the first that will get in?'—'Never mind,' said she, 'so that we all get in.' Is not this the true philosophy of life? Yet I assure you, that in other respects the girl's physiognomy looked as silly as that of a goose."

Between Erfurth and Gotha the roads are excellent, and are planted on each side with many thousands of fruit-trees; but by these not receiving proper attention, the young ones are bent and frequently destroyed by the wind, as well as by the wanton treatment of passengers. M. Kotzebue proposes to check this destruction by causing the peasants, on the birth of a child, to plant a fruit tree by the road-side, which, on being duly numbered, should remain his property. It is evident that this suggestion would be invaluable, if carried into execution in that country; where the fruit, in times of scarcity, often preserves the great mass of the people from starving.

On arriving at Gotha, the excellent seminary of professor Salzman, at Schnepfenthal, draws some high encomiums from our traveller; who contrasts it with the less favourable though numerous institutions for female education, which abound in that place. Of these it appears that the mistresses are partly Germans, and partly French; and they have this great disadvantage for ladies, that both nobles and commoners are educated on the same footing. "Young minds, naturally pliant, easily grow partial to each other; and the young countess cares not to ask whether the father of her bosom friend be only a secretary. But the grown-up countess usually changes her mind; or at least forms other connections, which oblige her to forsake the companion of her infancy. This naturally afflicts the daughter of the simple citizen, and renders her unhappy. She whose lot it is perhaps to superintend the small family circle of an unennobled treasury-clerk, leaves a gay and splendid circle where she roved arm in arm with countesses and baronesses, for the homely dwelling of a husband who makes a low bow if one of the former youthful companions of his spouse happen to pass by."

These however are not the worst effects of female boarding-school education: but what has been already described is as applicable to the seminaries of England, as to those of Germany;

and the propriety and justice of the remarks must be evident to every parent capable of reflection.

At Frankfort on the Maine, our author observes that at the Römer, where all the emperors that have been crowned since the beginning of the empire have been pourtrayed in narrow niches, there is no nook left for any future one. This circumstance is supposed to have induced the unfortunate Custine, at the time of his successes, to predict that the present emperor would be the last. We have heard a similar anecdote or prophecy related of St. Peter's at Rome; where all the niches appropriated to the effigies of the popes, except one, are filled up. The German people are extremely superstitious; but if the prediction, with respect to their emperor and his *hereditability* should not be fulfilled, they certainly will not be indebted for it to the good wishes of " our brother Napoleon the First."

There are no curiosities worth notice at Frankfort; except a fine statue of Gunther da Schwartzburg, an ancient German knight. The theatre is under the management of M. Meyer, author of the celebrated poem of Tobias; but the affairs are directed by a committee, without whose assent the manager can neither hire good actors nor dismiss bad ones. At this place the fair is held in a spacious edifice, of a square form, which is filled with all imaginable articles of luxury.

On reaching Darmstadt, M. Kotzebue makes some just remarks on the monument erected by Frederic the Great to his favourite female friend. He thinks it is not sufficiently grand. "Had it not been for its famous inscription," says he, " this little monument would never have been talked of: and as to the inscription itself, there may be people in whose eyes it is no compliment to the Landgravine. *Fœmina sexu, ingenio vir;* " In sex a woman, in understanding a man;" that is, in other words, a being of a middle class, between man and woman. It has long ago been ascertained that this heterogeneous mixture renders neither sex amiable. A virago of a woman, pleases as little as an effeminate man. To say of a woman that she is in understanding a man, is that to praise a flower for being in smell an oak.

The charms of Heidelberg threw our traveller into raptures; and he declares it to be the place, above all others, where the unhappy ought to live, in order to steal an hour from their sorrows. Nothing can exceed the venerable appearance of the ruins of the castle; while the views in its vicinity are calculated to excite ideas of enchanted scenes in the visitor's mind.—The ancient subterraneous walks are said to lead to the town; but from some accidents which have happened in them, an order has been given for filling them up. A few years ago, an em igran

was swallowed here in an abyss; having, with incautious precipitation, gone on before his guide. Fortunately, some boys had a short time before followed him begging; and having marked the spot where he disappeared, he was at length extricated. He related that he had walked forward a considerable way in the vault, when he heard at a distance various confused noises, which echoed down to him from the town. At last he could distinguish the cries of those who were in search of him; and he turned back.—A rope-dancer likewise, erecting some poles in the market-place on which to fix his apparatus, was precipitated into the same vault, where he found some old rusty arms.

The famous tun of Heidelberg, an ancient curiosity, has gone totally to decay, and the elector has built a new one, which in the opinion of M. Kotzebue does him no credit. In the cellar, however, our traveller admired the wooden statue of Clemens; a fool belonging to the electoral court in one of the early ages, and whose physiognomy was completely indicative of his profession. The view of this figure induces our lively author to regret, that all crowned-heads should have suffered such an useful custom as the maintenance of a fool to become obsolete; and he is so charmed with the statue of the electoral fool, that he laments it should be consigned to a cellar, while that of Lady Moratta, (a female celebrated for her *learning*) should be preserved in St. Peter's church.

It appears that the most interesting curiosity at Heidelberg, the spring of Wolfsbrunnen, has lately been despoiled of its principal ornaments. It was formerly surrounded by lime-trees three hundred years old, which formed a dome over the spring, while their branches had become so closely connected, that they were used as a floor, and on their top the company were accommodated with tables and chairs.

" In those times, the female visitors sat on the top of the trees, engaged in reading or knitting stockings: or even had a harpsichord placed by them; while the gentlemen played on the flute, among the umbrageous branches. In the cool grotto below, coffee or tea was made. But all this you must not now ask for: you will find nothing but a square basin, surrounded with trunks of trees. All these beautiful lime-trees were felled a few weeks ago. ' Who gave these orders?' exclaimed I, with indignation. ' The electoral treasury,' was the reply. Those thick trees yield fine wood, and the fat trouts in the stream could not bear the excessive coolness of the shade. I really wish that every counsellor of the treasury who consented to this robbery of beauteous nature, may be obliged to wander about, twice

a year, in the parching summer heat, and in the glow of the mid-day sun, panting in vain for such a shady spot."

We are likewise given to understand, that from motives of economy it was intended to demolish the splendid ruins of the hall of the knights, in order to fell the stones; as well as to let the beautiful gardens of Schwetzingen for potatoe fields: but an effectual protest from the people, we suppose, has been issued against these proceedings. On relating these intended ravages M. Kotzebue makes the following exclamation, in which we cordially join him:—"Oh! may every hand be disabled, which is eager to destroy whatever has given pleasure to mankind for centuries!"

At a small and obscure village called Mauren, our traveller met with a circumstance which called forth the well known sensibility of his heart, and of which he gives the following pathetic description.

"Entering the parlour of the post-house, I saw an old woman of fourscore sitting before the stove, chewing with difficulty a piece of bread, and drinking a glass of wine. By her side lay a crutch. In her youth she must have been handsome; her countenance was still pleasing; and the silent grief with which it was clouded, rendered her interesting to me. I asked the post-master's wife whether she was her mother? 'No indeed,' she replied, 'she is a very poor blind woman, who is obliged to live on charity, and who calls upon us occasionally, when we do for her what we can.'—'But she does not beg?'—'No, that she never does; but all who know her give her something.' I accosted the old woman: 'Have you long been blind?' I began. 'A short time ago,' said she, 'I could still perceive a glimpse of light; but now this is vanished; yet I cannot die.' Notwithstanding the concern which I seemed to express for her, she would not beg. This moved me: one word brought on another; and she related her melancholy story. She had been married to a clergyman in Hanover, had children, and lived happily. By the seven years' war, which brought poverty and distress in its train, she lost her all, pined in want, and yet kept up her spirits. She beheld her children expire, and supported them in the hour of dissolution. At last her husband died also: a long illness consumed what little property she had left: and she was obliged to quit her place of residence destitute and forlorn.

"She was advised to go to her brother-in-law, a counsellor of appeal at Darmstadt. She did not know him personally, and report proclaimed him a strange character. Urged, however, by necessity, she ventured. Being scantily assisted by poor relations ('for,' said she, 'none of them had any thing to give'),

she raised barely sufficient for her travelling expences, and came with the post waggon to Darmstadt. Trembling she approached her brother-in-law's door. A servant received her with considerable embarrassment; yet shewed her into a good room, and brought her refreshment. She remained alone several hours; but no master made his appearance. Towards night the servant brought her a good supper; but, unable to eat from grief and agitation, she continually enquired where her brother-in-law was. 'To-morrow, to-morrow,' said the maid, who perceived her uneasiness, and felt for her: 'first take a good night's repose; you need refreshment.' She could not sleep. In the morning the servant entered her chamber in tears, announced to her the burial of her relation a fortnight before, and his having bequeathed the whole of his fortune to charitable establishments. At this part of her narrative she began to weep bitterly:—'and yet I cannot die!' exclaimed she.

"I forget how she came to the part of the country; in which she has been starving these fifty years, and '*cannot die.*' During a long time she received support from Heidelberg; but for the last eighteen months that pittance has been stopped. As she sits still without begging, her pitiful form often escapes notice; and she gets little. She is somewhat prolix in conversation; but she relates her narrative in correct language, and with consistency; and the woman of education may be immediately distinguished. She accepts presents with blushing modesty, and returns thanks without being abject. Her wish to die, and her invocations of death, are extremely moving. Oh, how cheerfully shall I forgive the post-master for having left his horses in the field, and made me wait longer than he ought, if this brief and unornamented tale should furnish an opportunity to men of feeling, whether travellers or not, of affording relief to the poor blind woman! She will not long prove a burden to her benefactors; death will shortly grant her fervent wish, and remove her to her husband and her children."

It is remarkable that a traveller can scarcely proceed a step on any part of the continent without witnessing some melancholy proof of the dreadful effects of that scourge of the human race, the French revolution. M. Kotzebue did not fail to remark that the war which arose out of it, had left in Germany excessive poverty, and *enlightened ideas!* The peasants have had now experience enough to perceive that "people live four times worse than they did before: that men are no longer what they were; that none will assist his neighbour, but every body cares only for himself!"

At Sinzheim, a town belonging to the prince of Linange, our traveller introduces an eulogium on that prince, who by his benevolent conduct possesses the entire confidence and good

will of his subjects. He has restored their convent to the Franciscan friars: of which M. Kotzebue disapproves; as he compares these mendicants to the dry rot in wood, which consumes all around it till the whole edifice is destroyed.

On arriving at Heilbron he was desirous to see the manuscript of Goertz of Berlichingen; but the deputy keeper of the archives knew nothing more of the contents of the recesses than that they were filled with a variety of paper and parchment! It is still more remarkable that scarcely any of the present inhabitants know any thing of that celebrated character; and among at least a dozen persons of whom our traveller enquired for the tower in which that knight was confined, not one of them had ever heard of his name!

After some slight remarks on Stutgard, Hechingen, and Duttlingen, we accompany our author to Zurich; where he takes considerable pains to point out to his fair friend the impossibility of giving a proper description of a fine country in any kind of writing, all attempts at which he considers as confused, and not at all resembling the original. He represents the fall of the Rhine as a grand sight, of which no pen ought to attempt the description; and he was more charmed with the environs of Zurich than with any other place on his journey. Of the captivating perspective of the icy mountains, from Bugeli across the lake, he gives the following account; which we are convinced will prove highly interesting to our readers, from the circumstance of its never before having been minutely described. He enjoyed the view from an apartment at an inn bearing the sign of the Sword.

"This is a corner room. If you open a window to the left, you see the river Limmat below you; with a very broad bridge over it, lined on both sides with women selling fruit and vegetables, and with groupes of French *chasseurs* walking among them. The main-guard of these soldiers is on the opposite side of the bridge. You cannot conceive what stir and bustle prevail here. Downwards, to the left, you see, along the river, two long streets, and a part of the town. If you open the window on the right, you behold at your feet an open country; and straight before you the lake of Zurich, surrounded by charming villas, and skirted by the Alps, on whose summits the snowy cliffs rear their hoary heads.

"This amphitheatre, forming a contrast of civilization and rude nature, together with the bustle of men immediately below, is incomparable. The beautiful walks about Zurich would tempt even the gouty to exercise."

In the public library he was principally charmed with two letters on religious subjects, written by lady Jane Grey. They were in good Latin, and the manuscript was excellent. He had a superficial view of Lavater's cabinet; and before leaving

Zurich he obtained a variety of remarkable anecdotes relative to the proceedings of the French and Russians during the late war in that charming country. They are such, he says, as to throw great light upon the events of that period; but such as wish to hear them must go to Zurich. Thus it is evident that what would have formed a highly interesting part of these travels, has been struck out by the literary censors of Berlin.

From some observations of our author, it would appear that the spirit of fashionable indecency has extended even to the cantons of Switzerland.—At Baden it had been found necessary to publish an ordinance, enjoining a proper celebration of the Lord's day, and ordering the citizens to go to church in decent dresses. On this subject M. Kotzebue makes a remark not so striking for its novelty as it is for its propriety: "I should like," says he, "for once, to see our great-grandmothers attend divine service, along with their *half-naked* great-great-grand-daughters: how quickly would they return to their graves, that they might not be obliged to cry shame upon our youthful females, who have bidden adieu to modesty!"

At Berlin, Lausanne and Geneva, nothing occurred worthy of particular notice.—When the French arrived at Murten, they, in their rage for annihilation, destroyed the bone-house, in which the remains of the heroes who fell in the battle with Charles of Burgundy in 1476 had been respected for three centuries, and threw the bones into the lake. Enough, however, remain to render the place distinguishable for some time. He *admired* the philosophy of the celebrated M. de Luc respecting volcanoes, but laments that he did not *understand* it.

At Ferney he visited the cottage of Voltaire; in which several rooms are preserved with all their furniture, as they remained in the time of their immortal tenant. In the bed-chamber an urn is contained in a niche, in which is enclosed the philosopher's heart, with this striking inscription: "I am satisfied, since my heart remains among you."

Some remarks upon travelling in Switzerland proves that there, as well as in all other countries, the visitor is liable to gross imposition, particularly at the inns. M. Kotzebue advises all who pass through that country to travel on foot, and to carry every thing with them.

A charming picturesque description is given of the country from Cerdon to Lyons, which our limits will not enable us to quote in detail; and as it would suffer by abridgment, we refer our readers to the book itself, the price of which renders it attainable by all classes.

At Lyons our traveller notices the ruins of the Roman aqueduct

and the bath, which had resisted the destructive efforts of the revolutionary Jacobins. He thinks the quay far inferior to that of Petersburgh, with which it has been compared. In a manufactory which he visited, they were making window-cushions for Buonaparte to rest his arms upon; these were upon a blue ground, richly embroidered with gold and silver. A remnant of the brutal revolutionary manners did not fail to strike our author. People of the lowest classes enter the apartments of their superiors without taking off their hats.—He concludes this introductory account of his journey, with advising all persons who travel to Paris to leave their own carriages on the frontiers, and to travel in the Berlins or diligences. In the latter case, every thing is provided for them by the conductors, at a moderate rate: in the former, they are subjected to the most vexatious and exorbitant impositions.

Thus we have accompanied our author from Berlin to Paris: by the description of which capital he very justly conceives that he shall delineate the character of the nation at large.

'Nothing,' says a celebrated writer, 'is so good a criterion of the general character of a people, as their amusements:' and this remark is peculiarly applicable to the people of Paris; for we will venture to assert that no intelligent reader can peruse the description given by M. Kotzebue of the amusements of the Parisians, without forming an accurate idea of the disposition of the French people. Our author was by no means a superficial observer. He reflected deeply on the scenes which passed before him; and, as he himself declares, by looking and listening at every little crowd, he often picked up a grain of experience to deposit in his memory, and could not help lamenting that one of the most enlightened nations in Europe should be at the same time one of the most superstitious. As his account of the amusements of Paris will, doubtless, be new to the majority of our readers, we shall transcribe the most interesting passages which relate to them.

"At the corners of every street," says our author, "you find cunning people, who in every possible manner allure passengers, to announce to them infallibly what numbers will be prizes in the next drawing of the numerous French lotteries; and such a prophet has always a crowded circle about him. This dirty wheel of fortune, which is made of glass, has a hole on the top; the ragged fellow who stands behind it, has made a kind of an instrument of the back-bone of a goose, which he applies to the hole with great gravity, and almost without moving his lips imitates the speaking of Punch; which sounds exactly as if some little demon were sitting in the wheel, and addressing the audi-

tors. If the curious draw near, the goose's bone suddenly jumps off the hole; and the ghostly voice invites the by-standers, whose hands are already in motion, under the most splendid assurances of drawing the numbers which are to be prizes. Two sous is the usual price of all such never-failing prophecies.—A little further, another has a large board with *letters* exposed. Tell him only your initials, he immediately draws your name from the board, and in a hole behind it finds you all you desire to know. This way of divination has been thought too simple by a third. Behold that table where all sorts of neat little figures are driven round by clockwork! At first sight, it does not seem at all like the sanctuary of a lottery prophet: but you will soon perceive, that on the middle pole which goes through the table, a zodiac is fastened over the puppets, in which the months are inscribed, and which turns round with them. Higher up you behold another circle bearing the ninety numbers of the French lottery. Now only please to touch with your finger the puppet you think most endowed with the gift of soothsaying; for instance, this Turkish Emperor, who holds his sceptre so majestically high: all the figures immediately begin to run, the zodiac turns round, as do the numbers, and you wait in patience for the result. Now the clock-work is run down, the Emperor of Turkey stands still and points with his sceptre to the month of August, exactly above which is No. 78. Can any thing be more natural and certain, than that by taking this number for this month, you will win great sums upon it?—You laugh that people should thus seriously give themselves up to childrens' play. Begging your pardon, is it, in fact, doing more than a philosopher who, taking his chair, draws up with two demonstrating fingers the curtain of futurity, as he would unroll a piece of paper?

"Let us go further, and see the brilliant inscription: *The golden chain of fate.* This valuable chain consists of ninety cases, or wrappers of gilt paper, which are wound on a wheel, like yarn to be unreeled, and turned by a blind man. You choose one of these paper cases, the blind man opens it, and the number it contains makes your fortune.—But should you be absolutely determined not to enrich yourself in the lottery, you will at least be curious enough to learn your future destinies, and the past likewise if you please. In front of the *Pont Neuf* stands a conjuror, who expressly announces himself to be *privileged by the police;* and who has devoted his talent chiefly to the lottery, as men would much rather win money than look into futurity. At your desire the same personage opens you the book of fate for two sous; and, with wonderous fluency of speech, relates to you all that *has* happened and *will* happen. Though twenty people, one

after another, different by profession, age, and sex, should all appeal to his skill, it does not put him out of countenance: he stares at one after the other; reads in their eyes and whole visage; speaks to each for at least two minutes, and is very grave all the time; makes use of the choicest terms of language; says in about half an hour, certainly not the same thing twice over; never stops or stammers; makes a slight bow at last; asks for nothing; addresses those who follow; takes what the preceding drop into his hand, and puts it into his pocket without looking at it. This man, in any other situation, would certainly have been an excellent speaker. The looks of his clients form the most diverting part of the scene: the utmost devotion, perfect resignation, and firm belief, are deeply impressed in every feature. As he always expresses himself, particularly relative to the past, with artful duplicity, he cannot fail, with the help of his ingenious powers of fancy, to hit the truth with regard to several of his hearers. I have often remarked, with what amazement people stared at him, and how many a lady turned away with tears in her eyes. Thus the same Parisians who but a few years ago carried about the Goddess of Reason on their shoulders, believe in divination, and surround by hundreds the first pretended prophet they meet.

"A Frenchman possesses an inexhaustible fund of polite and agreeable terms; which, though every one knows they are unmeaning, yet draw an approving smile from all his hearers.—There stands a fellow twisting a puppet's coat on his forefinger; and sometimes letting a little devil peep out, waving his hand briskly towards heaven, and exclaiming, *there he flies!* This flat and stale joke he seasons very admirably with a ready account of every thing the little imp will see in his flight over Paris: now he sees the gun-boats on the Seine, of which he adds a pompous description; now a young lady just rising from bed, whom he describes with every possible fascination. Ample as is the matter with which he is furnished by his flying devil (*diable volant*), copied from the Devil upon Two Sticks (*diable boiteux*), still he knows how to change his amusements in a skilful manner."

These artifices certainly give us a high idea of the ingenuity of their inventors. We who have lived in London a great part of our lives, must confess that we have met with nothing so ingenious among what M. Kotzebue calls amusements for the populace. But to continue the narrative.—"When the last-mentioned orator has made a pause, the auditors are attracted to another, who immediately calls out: 'Gentlemen, while my neighbour is taking breath, permit me to show you a most remarkable experiment.' Without waiting for an answer, he carries

round a box, from which he desires the people to draw questions relative to money, health, love, the constancy or inconstancy of a beloved object, legacies expected, &c. &c. While the question is being drawn, this professor of a thousand arts stands at a distance, to prove that he needs not be acquainted with the subject of it. Then, upon receiving two sous in ready cash, he first answers the question; and, in the next place, gives a complete character to the inquirer, his temper, his good and bad qualities, and adds some advice respecting the regulation of his future conduct; thirdly and lastly, he gives the five numbers which will come out at the next drawing of the lottery: the whole printed on pretty good paper.

"I cannot indeed conceive how this man, considering the expence he is at, can still have sufficient profit left out of two-pence to support this merry life: this thought frequently occurs to me. Listen to that man further on, who offers with a loud voice, and for two-pence, to every passenger, the rules of piquet. The little book consists of about two sheets; and though I cannot see any person who buys a single copy of him, yet I have found him on the same spot for this fortnight, and he still lives."

Various are the methods described, by which French itinerants endeavour to gain a subsistence. The profits of some of them are so insignificant, as to excite our astonishment at their patience; and this can only be checked by recollection of the old couplet, which never was more applicable than to the Parisians of the present day:

> 'All arts on earth a starving Frenchman knows;
> And bid him go to hell,—to hell he goes.'

We shall pass over an account of the ballad-singers, toothpick-sellers, dying-speech orators, and other vagrants, whose manners differ little from those of London; and invite the attention of our readers to an exhibition of ingenuity and interest.

"Let us enter this booth, where the inscription announces a wonder: *He who will not believe, let him come and see!* What pray?—A flea drawing an elephant; a flea conducting a carriage with six horses, carrying ladies and gentlemen; a flea, on whose foot a metal ball has been fastened with a golden chain, with which he merrily leaps about. All this is not fiction. A man has really taken the vast trouble to make the elephant, carriage, chains, &c. of gold, so very small, and to fasten them to the flea.—But still more ludicrous and more inventive is the artist's producing two flies fighting a duel with the small sword. It is thus contrived: two flies are fastened to two needles, placed perpendicu-

larly behind their wings, so that they keep their six legs stretched out before them. They are fixed very nearly facing each other; and a little ball of cork is then given to each of them, in which is fastened a small straw. As soon as this ball touches their feet, they endeavour to seize it to hold themselves by: upon this touch the ball keeps moving backwards and forwards, and consequently the straw turns against the enemy. Each party moving in the same manner, the two straws often clash together like two swords; and this constitutes the duel of the flies."

From M. Kotzebue's account of the blind and other mendicants of Paris, we can decidedly ascertain that they are more respectful and more deserving objects than the quantity of those in our own metropolis. He mentions two blind men who play all day in the streets at qiquet, and one who plays on five musical instruments at the same time. The following anecdote is worthy of notice: "In the *Rue Vivienne,*" says he, "I have seen, for more than three weeks, yet always in the evening when it is dark, three wretched children lying in the mud. The eldest, a boy of about ten years, sat reclining against the wall; holding on his lap another wrapped in rags, three years old at most, and usually moaning. By his side sat or lay a third symbol of misery, about five years old. These children did not beg: but had the end of a tallow-candle placed before them; near which, on a rag, lay a paper with the following simple and moving inscription: *We have neither father nor mother.* Few of the passengers remained unmoved; and, the street being much frequented, they always obtained a rich contribution. With pleasure I remarked that the soldiers in particular gave, and gave the most.—One night I found one of these men deeply affected. He wore large black whiskers; which, in wild contrast with the emotion of the muscles of his face, lighted by the glimmer of the candle, threw their shade upon a tear. He surveyed the group for some minutes in silence; the poor little wretch was whining dolefully, because it was cold. The soldier briskly put his hand into his pocket, and gave the elder boy two pieces of silver coin, (I believe, two twelve sous-pieces) on condition of his carrying the child home immediately and warming it. He repeated this condition three or four times, and made the boy as often promise to perform it. He then retired. As he turned round, I accosted him: 'You certainly are a father?' said I. '*Oui monsieur,*' answered he, rather roughly; and hastened away. I stopped some time to see whether the boy would keep his promise, and take the child home; but he did not."

If we were to notice, even in the most cursory manner, all the little incidents which caught the attention of M. Kotzebue in his perambulations through Paris, we should doubtless repeat

many circumstances with which our readers have already been made acquainted by the numerous visitors of that capital, who have of late published their remarks. In his account of the exhibitions, besides those already mentioned, there is nothing particularly interesting; though by his pleasing manner of description, we will venture to say that no reader of taste would think many passages superfluous throughout the volumes before us. From his introductory remarks, when touching on the First Consul and his retinue, as to the fluctuations of public opinion with respect to sovereign princes, we can clearly perceive that our author is an admirer of Bonaparte; and we must in justice add, that his indirect defence of that tyrant, which is made in the way of general comparison, is, in our opinion, the very worst part of his book. On the other hand, many of the anecdotes he has given of that extraordinary character are new and curious. He thus describes his visit to the theatre, and his review of the troops:

"On my arrival at Paris, I was extremely anxious to see the celebrated hero of the age. Several days elapsed before my wish was gratified. At length, one evening, the performance at the Theatre Français was interrupted by a loud and general clapping; and all eyes were directed towards Buonaparte's box, which is close to the stage. Unfortunately I just then happened to be in one from which I could not see him; but the managers having very politely permitted me to go to any part of the house I pleased, I immediately availed myself of this privilege, and hastened upon the stage, to obtain a good view of this remarkable man from a *coulisse*, exactly opposite his box. I had frequently been upon the stage before, and had never met with any obstacle: but how great was my astonishment on this occasion to find the first three *coulisses* occupied by consular guards, by whom every person that attempted to approach was ordered to retire! Even the maid of mademoiselle Duchenois, (who was acting) experienced the same treatment, though her mistress was in great need of her assistance. Through the interference, however, of Messrs Lafond and Monvel, who happened to be near me, this strict prohibition was waved both with respect to the lady's maid and myself.

"At the play he is very grave and quiet, appears extremely attentive, speaks to none of his suite (all of whom stand behind him), gives no sign of approbation, or disapprobation, nor even betrays his feelings by a look. The pit receives him with thunders of applause, but he pays no attention to it. The audience do not renounce their right to hiss; and I saw a new piece damned in the presence of Buonaparte, who had come to see it. During these petulant scenes, he remains quite composed; reflecting, no

doubt, that the Parisians, like the Romans, must have *panem et circenses* if they are to be kept quiet.

"Buonaparte is particularly fond of tragedy. He acknowledged to me that he did not like comedy, but availed himself of the observation urged by Voltaire: *Que tous les genres sont bons, hors le genre ennuyeux*:—("That every kind is good, except what tires us.") It should not, however, be imagined, that he is absolutely an enemy to comedy: I even saw him present at the first representation of a play of that description; and he came to that of my piece called Brothers' Quarrels, which was acted immediately after a tragedy that he had not been to see.—His boxes in the four principal theatres are decorated very richly, and with great taste. Among other ornaments is a gold star, which is sometimes on the top and sometimes at the bottom of the box. It is said that he believes in a star of fortune, on which he places more reliance than on his own great genius.

"I was twice present at the grand parade, now one of the most remarkable sights at Paris. It is really an imposing spectacle. I was with several other persons in a saloon almost in the middle of the Thuilleries, through which Buonaparte was to pass. All the halls were lined with guards; from ten to twelve men being stationed in each apartment, at the distance of two or three paces from one another, and two on every step of the stair-case.—The infantry were already drawn up in the great court-yard of the Thuilleries, and consisted of five or six different regiments. Their uniforms are not very striking, being quite plain: the long coats appear to me neither handsome nor convenient; but the large bear-skin caps have a martial appearance. The colours of the consular guards are not only decorated with the national ribbons, but bear gold suns in the middle; they are principally green. A vain ornament of each regiment is the drum-major; who is clothed by the officers with the most prodigal splendour, and in this respect the different corps vie with each other. For this purpose the tallest and handsomest men are selected; and their regimentals, if I am not mistaken, are of velvet, and so profusely loaded with gold-lace that we can scarcely distinguish the colour of the ground.—The French army are likewise extremely vain of their whiskers, which are preserved with such care as to grow to an immense size. Among the miners there are even men who suffer the whole of their coal-black beard to grow till it reaches down to their bosoms. The cavalry, consisting of chasseurs, horse-guards, and an uncommonly fine regiment of cuirassiers, was stationed beyond the iron gate of the *Place du Carousel*.—The little corps of Mamelukes were distinguished by their splendid eastern costume.

"The colours were brought from the apartments of the First Consul: who soon afterwards arrived, surrounded by generals and adjutants, all wearing superb regimentals; while his own dress was extremely plain, without embroidery, and his hat without tassel, lace, or feather. He walked very fast, carrying only a small riding-whip in his hand. At the gate he mounted a grey horse; and, followed by a brilliant retinue, rode slowly up and down the ranks. Having thus reviewed the infantry, he proceeded to inspect the cavalry in the same manner. Besides the troops, a great concourse of people had collected, many of whom delivered petitions to him. As far as I could see, all these petitioners were permitted to approach him: and, with regard to the strict measures of precaution which are said to be taken for his security, they were not observed, at least on that day; for in the manner in which he rode about among the people, his life was in the hands of every resolute villain. Upon his return to the court-yard, he was several times stopped by females; who approached extremely close, spoke to him, and presented petitions. These, from what I could observe, he gave to his adjutant. One petition, however, presented to him by a woman, who even laid hold of the bridle of his horse (unless my eyes deceived me), he immediately opened, and returned a short answer. During this review, his favourite Mameluke, superbly dressed, was not immediately behind him (as is generally reported), but only in the suite, after all the generals. He then returned; and stopped before the entrance of the Thuilleries, a few yards from the place which I occupied. Here the Turkish ambassador presented him with two horses in the name of the grand-signior. They were said to be very handsome; but their beauty could not be perceived, as they were superbly caparisoned from head to foot, and almost entirely covered with gold and pearls. They certainly were very spirited animals: for two Turks having mounted them, to ride about the yard, one was immediately thrown; but he seemed to be accustomed to this, for he instantly got up, and at one leap was again in the saddle.

"Buonaparte, who meanwhile frequently took snuff out of a very plain tortoise-shell box, did not deign to take notice of this present. He only now and then cast an indifferent look towards the animals. He seemed, on the contrary, to be totally occupied with the troops, whom he caused to perform successive manœuvres. The colonel of each regiment came, from time to time, with his sword drawn, to receive his orders, and gave the word of command accordingly. Every regiment was ordered to form a distinct square, probably in commemoration of the war in Egypt. He ordered the consular guard to go through the platoon exercise; in which, in presenting and firing, the front rank kneels,

while the two others fire over its head. Whether the word of command was not distinctly heard or understood, I will not pretend to determine: but it was most imperfectly executed. Half-companies waited as if to recollect themselves, and at length very leisurely dropped on their knees one after the other. The First Consul expressed his displeasure by ordering the light exercise to be repeated seven or eight times. The infantry then filed off before him, when the band struck up a music scarcely to be equalled any where. They do not play common marches, in which each part is regularly repeated; but rather marching symphonies composed by good masters, and performed with uncommon precision. After the infantry had filed off, the cavalry, mounted on capital horses (perhaps from Hanover), rode in, and filed off. Of these regiments only one went through a few manœuvres, which concluded the grand parade for that day. At the next, a battalion of seamen was also drawn up, and was particularly distinguished by being armed with boarding or grappling hooks."

The above specimen will enable our readers to form a just estimate of the interesting matter of which M. Kotzebue's Tour is composed: it is indeed to us so interesting, so unaffected and amusing, that we cannot but feel how much it suffers by abridgment, and at the same time regret that our limits will not enable us to give its contents more in detail.—Our author next adverts to the First Consul's dinners, and observes that he is not fond of sitting long at table. He gives good cheer, but is not fond of dainties. He is reported frequently to have said, "Whoever wishes to fare sumptuously, must not come to me, but must go to the consul Cambaceres." Entertainments are given in the great gallery sometimes to several hundred persons, but this immense and beautiful place excites and cherishes sensations ill calculated to improve the appetite. The walls are covered with Gobelin tapestry exhibiting the battles of Constantine, the colouring of which begins to fade very much on the side that is exposed to the sun: and at short intervals are busts of the greatest heroes of France; as Bayard, Condé, Turenne, &c. in white marble of exquisite workmanship. "Every one," says Buonaparte, "will be equally sensible with myself, that such a place is more fit for the meeting of a council of war, the concluding of a treaty of peace, or the reception of ambassadors, than for the rattling of dishes." Some celebrated antiques are likewise to be seen here; as the youth extracting a thorn from his foot, the woman playing upon bones, &c. The many paintings on the cieling are likewise of great value. But it is a great pity that this cieling has several cracks. The apartment which may with great propriety be denominated the dining hall, is pretty capacious, and is re-

markable only for its noble simplicity; but is not very conveniently connected with Madame Buonaparte's suite of apartments. These latter are finished in the most elegant style, yet not overcharged with magnificence. Some valuable bronzes, *which were seen before at Versailles;* a few excellent paintings, the best of which is a sleeping Venus by Corregio; some works in marble and mosaics of the Florence school, together with several beautiful vases from the manufactory of Seves; constitute almost all that can be called valuable in the furniture. Many things of the same kind are to be met with in the houses of opulent private indiyiduals. To hang the rooms with silk stuffs of one uniform colour, and in plaits, is now the prevailing taste.

" In one of Madame Buonaparte's drawing-rooms this drapery is divided perpendicularly at small intervals, by gold bars; which produces a fine effect. The bed-room used both by her and Buonaparte contains several fine pictures. It is otherwise quite plain; as is likewise her dressing-room, which is nicely wainscoted; this is the apartment which the queen of France employed for the same purpose. Two small neat bathing-rooms terminate a suite of apartments, consisting altogether of only about seven or eight different rooms, thus falling far short of the almost endless series of apartments appropriated to the use of the great in Russia. In the antichamber are hung two large pictures by a Flemish painter, representing scenes from the life in the history of Louis XIV., and formerly found in the *hôtel de Condé.*"

The apartment in which the consuls meet is, it appears, the same in which the standards are deposited; and the only striking object it contains is a terrestrial globe, " on which," says M. Kotzebue, " their fingers are most probably often engaged in fixing the fate of the countries that move round with it."

The hall of the council of state, together with the little chapel close to it, are neat, but contain nothing remarkable. Every consul and counsellor of state has a pincushion standing before him; and it is curious, that these pincushions serve for wafer-boxes.

M. Kotzebue speaks in high terms of the civility, assiduity, and politeness, of the persons in low stations under the French government: such as the porters at the Thuilleries, the other servants, and even the centinels; who do not treat an individual with contempt on account of the plainness of his dress, but behave, without exception, like well-bred men, even when they have orders to prevent the intrusion of strangers.—To those acquainted with the scandalous impudence and contemptuous audacity of the underlings who disgrace the offices of our own government, this will appear a pleasing picture of the subordina-

tion maintained in a country where every man is a slave to the caprice of the ruling tyrant.

M. Kotzebue expresses his just indignation at the restraints imposed upon the liberty of the press in France; and gives the following anecdote to prove that they are equally severe at Paris, as they were at Petersburgh under the reign of the emperor Paul. Dupaty *junior* wrote a petty piece for the *Theatre Feydeau*, entitled the *Antichamber*, in which the satirist lashes upstarts. The piece was immediately supposed to contain bold allusions; it was even imagined that the dress of one of the actors, consisting of a blue coat with yellow buttons, was intended to represent the uniform once worn by Buonaparte while he served in the artillery. Matters were carried so far, that all the clothes worn by the performers were sent for to be examined. Nothing, however, could be proved against the author: yet he was exiled to St. Domingo,—not as a poet, but, as a naval officer, for having come for a few days to Paris without leave. He informed our author, that, after having embarked, he was attacked with a severe illness in the road, brought on shore again, and kept for a long time in confinement; till at length, in consequence of a powerful intercession in his behalf, this was deemed a sufficient punishment. This young man, he says, is now at liberty, resides at Paris, studies republican precaution, and has his *Antichamber* performed under a different title.—Another poet composed a ludicrous piece, in which a handsome, well-made man lands on an island inhabited only by hunchbacks, who consequently think him deformed, and laugh at him. He makes the following observation: 'If I should once happen to get among blind people only, I should have both my eyes plucked out that I might resemble them.' These words the censor regarded as a satire against those soldiers who lost their sight in Egypt.—A third author wrote a piece entitled *Belisarius*. The censor, thinking that general Moreau was alluded to in this character, forbade the representation.—Nobody must say '*Fermez la porte*' (Shut the door); for a shut door now implies a conspiracy. Nor must the word *brigand* be used, as it might mean persons concerned in the administration of the state. Nogaret, a man of sixty-three, is the censor who plays all these fine tricks. To the remonstrances made to him, he only replies; 'Do you wish me to lose my situation? I have no other subsistence.'

It is curious to read of the ceremonies which were necessary on appearing in the presence of the late upstarts called second and third consuls, but who are now reduced to a cypher beneath

the all-consuming rays of the imperial diadem. These are as follow:

"After being presented to the first consul, the introduction to the second and third consuls is attended with but few formalities. The minister from the country to which you belong, fixes on one of the days on which the two consuls give dinners; these are Tuesday and Saturday. After dinner (that is, about nine o'clock at night), the carriage is ordered to their respective residences. They, like their chief, have consular guards in their court-yards and coridors; not consisting of a few sentinels, but a constant detachment under the command of an officer, which regularly does duty at their residence. Their apartments are very spacious, but are without any superb ornaments. Some Gobelin tapestry is the only costly article to be seen in them. Within the door of the hall for company, stands an officer of the household, or valet; to whom every person, upon his arrival, gives his name, which is announced with a loud voice the moment the stranger enters. This custom is very convenient, in one respect, to the company assembled; but it cannot be denied that it must cause some embarrassment to the stranger, if his name be not entirely unknown, as the eyes of all are immediately directed towards him. The consul who usually stands before the fire-place, proceeds several, or but a few steps, or does not move at all, to meet the stranger as he enters, according to his rank, merit, &c. returns his bow very politely; speaks, or is silent: after which the person newly introduced joins the circle, which is generally very numerous.

Cambaceres has two cavaliers belonging to his court, dressed in black; who do the honours, and are particularly attentive. If a lady enters, they run to meet and conduct her to the consul; to whom she pays her respects, and is then handed by the cavalier to a chair. Gentlemen are likewise received by these persons, who usually receive them with—*Approchez-vous du feu, monsieur* ("Draw near the fire, sir"); the usual Parisian winter-formality for commencing conversation. "At present," says M. Kotzebue, "one of these chamberlains is Aigrefeuille, a man who has obtained considerable celebrity by the Epicure's Almanack being dedicated to him. It is said that he justly merits this distinction, though he modestly declined it. For my part, I must confess, that if the second consul's kitchen is superintended by him, I shall myself feel tempted to compose his eulogy; for, out of seventy or eighty dishes, to taste at least one-half of which I had summoned all my powers, there was not one which Lucullus or Apicius would have disdained. The French mode of cookery is certainly the first in the world. The consul himself helps to many dishes, pours out a variety of

wines and *liqueurs*, and very politely asks his guests if they choose any. Notwithstanding the great abundance of viands, very few dishes are of such a nature as to allow all the guests to partake of them: but the principal only are carried about by the servants; the rest remain stationary, and the person before whom a dish stands, helps those who wish for some of it. The service of the table is performed very expeditiously; almost too much so. Whoever wishes to try the two extremes in this respect, let him dine at the second consul's one day, and at a good private house at Berlin on another. With the former he will not find time to eat enough; but at the latter he will have leisure to digest and begin again."

Of the consul Lebrun he observes, that, being inferior in rank, he does not give such sumptuous entertainments: but he is more affable; keeps no guards; and, from his literary talents, is more esteemed.

After some remarks on the political caricatures in the print-shops of Paris (most of which have for their object the ridicule of the English government, and the anticipated success of the invasion of England), our author reverts to the exhibitions of that capital; from which we shall continue to give such as cannot fail to be novel to our countrymen who have not performed a journey to Paris. He thus describes the feats of the incombustible Spaniard:

"Do you see that jar of oil, bubling and boiling over a coal fire? The young man who takes it off drinks a hearty draught of its burning contents without distorting a feature, rinses his mouth for a long time with it as if it were fresh water, and spits it out still boiling; he then, with the remainder of the oil in the pot, washes his hands, arms, face, and even eyes (which last, however, he shuts). Having been purified by the fire, like the asbestos, he takes a walk, by way of change, with his naked feet upon a piece of red-hot iron; and, to refresh himself, even licks the glowing metal with his tongue. If this poor youth is equally insensible to the flames of love, he is doubly to be pitied. All this is no imposture, but really happens as I have now related; but whether, as some assert, he causes a kind of salamander-ointment to be rubbed into his skin, which is not to be perceived, I shall leave undetermined."

The next exhibition worthy of notice in our contracted limits, is that of some Canary-birds upon the Boulevards. One turns a spit; another drives his companion in a wheelbarrow; a third stands sentry with his gun, sword, and grenadier's cap; a fourth does not stir from his master's shoulder, though the man beats a drum loud enough to make one run away; a fifth fires a cannon, the

burning cork of which knocks a sixth down from the table, and leaves him on the ground for dead; a seventh sits in the very middle of a flaming wheel; as quiet and cheerful as if perched upon a rose bush in his native island.

The first volume of this interesting work finishes with an elaborate account of the well-known madame Recamier; who, in the opinion of our author, possesses every attribute of virtue, beauty, and generosity. He admits that he was at first prejudiced against her; but while at Paris he spent several weeks in her company, and was particularly pleased with the neatness and modesty of her dress, which was never adorned with the fictitious embellishment of jewels. Nothing can exceed the praises which he bestows upon her for her amiable hospitality, her unaffected manner, and her affection for the old and decrepid object to whom the avarice of her relations caused her to be united. We have good reason to believe that she has been assailed by the envenomed tooth of calumny; and we feel much pleasure in being able to offer a few passages in her vindication, from the elegant pen of the author before us.

"She has never been a mother," says M. Kotzebue, "but tends with maternal fondness the children of a female relation, who love her with filial affection. She is warm, and perhaps even a little enthusiastic, in her friendship; but on that account not the less constant, as her oldest friends have assured me. She is as prompt and ready to make great sacrifices to her friends, as she is reluctant to offer them trifling ones. While the happiness of one of them is not in question, but only his wishes and pleasures, she sometimes seems to neglect him without scruple, in order to entertain the company; but this is almost always done without premeditation. This is a fault partly congenial to the female character in general, and partly inseparable from a certain degree of importance in a city like Paris. Madame Recamier is religious without wishing to appear so. If she did not so often attend divine service, her beneficent actions alone would make us conclude that she is pious. She marks every day with fresh deeds of charity. I am well aware that a charitable gift, even of considerable value, is not to be deemed particularly meritorious on the part of the wealthy, but that the manner in which this gift is bestowed constitutes its merit; and in this very point I have found madame Recamier inexpressibly amiable and noble-minded. That she should only have wished to make a vain parade of her beneficence in my presence, as envy would sometimes suggest, is impossible, from the circumstance of my having had free access to her house every hour in the day, and having often been quite an unexpected witness of her actions.

"Never shall I forget the morning when I found her with a deaf and dumb little girl, whom she had picked up in some petty village while taking an airing in her carriage. This child was for some time educated at her own expence; and by her intercession was afterwards placed in the excellent institution of Sicard. The little creature had just then been sent to her, newly clothed, that her patroness might herself introduce her to Sicard. She ordered a breakfast; which happened to be served on a marble table in the splendid drawing-room, not far from a looking-glass, in which the child could see her whole figure, probably for the first time. The delight felt by her charming benefactress at the joyful surprise expressed by this infant; the tearful smile with which she removed its hair from its face, and from time to time imprinted a kiss on its forehead; the maternal good-nature with which she encouraged to eat, while she filled its pockets with the remainder of its sweetmeats; the inarticulate thanks which the child uttered in a most singular, yet most charming, manner, by a kind of out-cry,—in all this there could surely be no art: and scenes like these I have witnessed *more than once.*"

Our author concludes his remarks on this lady, by refuting the calumnies against her in the English and the foreign journals.

One of the greatest receptacles of curiosities in Paris, perhaps in the world, is undoubtedly the museum of French monuments. It was founded by M. Le Noir; well known for his learning, taste, and knowledge of the arts: and its contents were collected by him, under the patronage of the government, from all the churches, castles, and convents, destroyed by the revolutionary fanaticism. The monuments here assembled are six hundred in number; many of them date their origin from the sixth century, and they are charmingly arranged in the venerable premises of a suppressed convent of Augustine monks. To the credit of M. Le Noir, it appears that he was present in every place from which these relics were procured; and particularly at the abbey of St. Denis, where he made some interesting observations during the digging up of the corpses. Those who remember the excesses of the revolution, will recollect the motives which induced this sacrilegious outrage. The first was, to plunder the peaceful dead of their valuable ornaments, with which they were entombed in the barbarous ages; the second to procure the leaden coffins to make bullets; so that this violation of human feeling, which would have disgraced the most savage nation upon earth, was sanctioned, and even ordered, by the government of those miserable slaves, who avowed their determination to revolutionize the world! During these events it appears that many per-

sons, who had rested in stone coffins from the earliest period of the French monarchy, were found with their bodies and clothing in complete preservation. After the barbarians had torn the dresses in pieces, M. Le Noir, caused the most valuable monuments to be conveyed to a place of safety; and nobody thought fit to interrupt him in his exertions. This, then, is the origin of what is now a national gallery, the delight of the curious, and the admiration of men of taste and genius.

M. Kotzebue apologizes for inserting brief accounts of such as struck *him* to be most curious:—his selection, however, we must contract still farther; but we shall present, in a few connected passages, such descriptions and remarks as will doubtless be deemed particularly interesting. We are the more inclined to enter in detail upon this subject, from a conviction that of many of the monuments described by our author, no account has ever before been published, unless in the catalogue (if there be one) of this new institution.

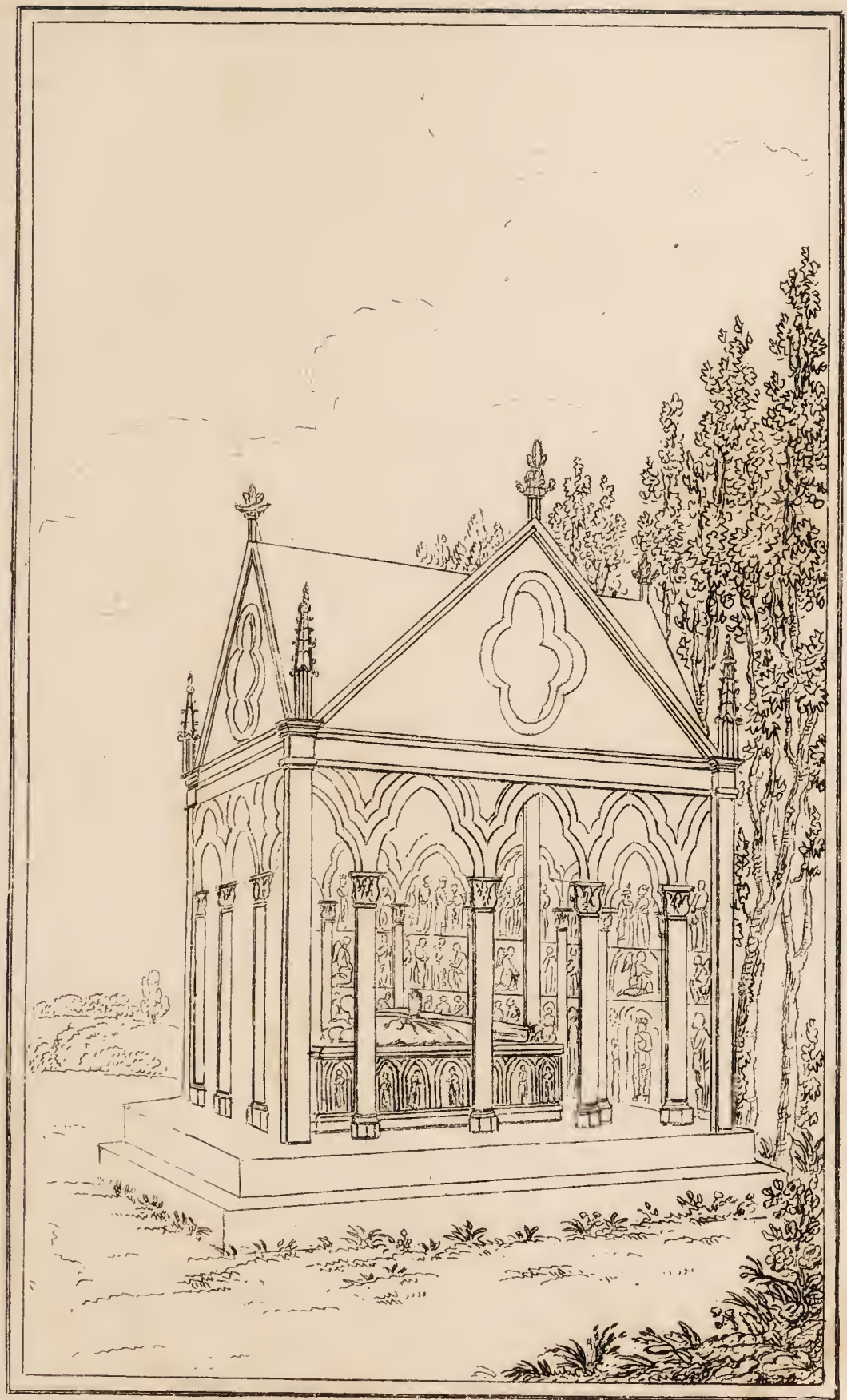
After briefly taking notice of a large Grecian tablet full of the names of the brave men who fell at the battle of Peloponnesus, and of a vase said to have been used at the *marriage in Canaan*, he thus describes a monument which induced him to smile: "It is consecrated to Dagobert I.: who stained his victories with lust and cruelty; who, without reckoning his concubines, was at one time betrothed to three queens. But he expiated all his sins, and was numbered among the saints, by building the abbey of St. Dennis. His epitaph relates, in the most ludicrous *bas-reliefs*, how he fared after his death. Below, Dagobert's body lies extended. A little higher up is a boat full of devils; who are holding fast Dagobert's soul, and tormenting it. If the artist designed to represent the devils as ugly and frightful, he has wholly missed his aim; for they are all grotesque figures, with human bodies, and the heads of frogs, dogs, &c. In order to shew that the man whom the demons are thus teazing and tormenting is not corporeal, but merely a soul, the artist has not represented his sexual distinction. Perhaps he was not altogether wrong in this fancy: but had he in the same manner represented him as wanting a *stomach*, he would at least have excluded every thing that prevents a man from being a *soul*. Farther up we see, besides two angels, St. Dennis and St. Martin; whom Dagobert invoked in his distress, and who re-took the royal prize from the devils: on which occasion several imps of hell, with frogs' heads, tumble, in a most laughable posture, into the water. Still higher, the soul, between its two deliverers, stands enveloped in a linen-cloth, perfumed by angels with censers of frankincence. At the summit, the saints are kneeling before Abraham, whom they beg to receive the soul into his ca-

pacious bosom. A couple of statues are likewise to be seen, formerly placed on both sides of the monument: the one Nantilda, wife of Dagobert; the other, their son Clovis.—With more serious feelings, uttering both curses and blessings, I now stand between the monuments of Fredegunda and Bertruda; the former of whom murdered her own husband, and was an enemy to both God and man; and the latter was indefatigably employed in softening, by her gentleness, the rude disposition of her husband, and saving every victim destined to destruction by his blood-thirsty tyranny. The son of Fredegunda Clotaire II., was her husband; and he himself ordered both monuments to be erected.

"What an oppressive sensation seized me, upon stepping into that closet whose style of architecture announces the twelfth century. Oh, these pillars, these ruins, once belonged to the *Paraclete*; and in the middle of them is a tomb.—'tis ABELARD'S! the identical sepulcre which the venerable Peter dedicated to his friend. Here lies Abelard; with his head reclined, and his hands folded. Near him reposes his faithful mistress. The heads of these interesting figures are impressions taken by the sculptor: and, what is still more, this tomb actually contains the ashes of the two lovers. Every loving couple who are so happy as to visit the thousand curiosities of Paris, should hand-in-hand renew the oath of fidelity at this tomb. Let them cast a look of contempt as they pass, on yonder tomb-stone; which covered the bones of Abelard's persecutor, the abbé Adam. This blind fanatic, as abbot of St. Dennis, ordered Abelard's incarceration for having dared to utter the heresy that the bones kept as the relics of St. Dionysius (or Dennis) were not the real bones of that holy Areopagite, who had never been in France.

"That little box, decorated with ivory and tortoiseshell, deserves, by all means, a look of curiosity. Louis XI. brought it back from his crusade in Palestine, full of relics; and it has since been worshipped in the holy chapel at Paris as one itself, though its *bas-reliefs* very plainly represent the expedition of the Argonauts. In this manner even pagan obscenities have often served as ornaments to enshrine the relics of the saints.—The eye gladly dwells on that statue of white marble, which perpetuates the memory of that excellent lady Valentine of Milan, spouse of the duke of Orleans, who was murdered in Paris in the year 1407, and whose loss the good Valentine could not survive. She died of a broken heart, in 1408. Her affecting device was a watering-pot, from which trickled drops in the form of tears, with this circumscription:

Rien ne m'est plus:
Plus ne m'est rien.



View of the Tomb of
Eloisa and Abelard.

"That statue of Peter of Navarre reminds us of the singular death of his father, Charles II. surnamed "the Wicked." The avenging Nemesis held him up as a terrible example. A kind of torpor seized him, and he was unable to move a limb. The physicians then advised him to have himself sewed up very closely in a linen sheet previously steeped in brandy. It was at night, when he went to bed, that this kind of sack was put about him. One of the chambermaids sewed it fast under his chin: and having done, she was going to cut off the remaining end of the thread; but, having no scissars, she took the candle to burn it off. In an instant the king was all in flames: the affrighted chambermaid ran away, amidst violent shrieks; and Charles the wicked was burnt alive in his bed.

"With awful reverence I enter a chapel dedicated to Francis I. the restorer of the arts. The corpse of this good man, as well as that of his spouse Claude of France, are imitated with striking truth in marble; and the bas-reliefs, placed here and there, interest us by a faithful representation of the dresses, arms, and implements of war, in those times. Above the timber-work, supported by sixteen Ionic columns, appear again the statues of the royal pair, surrounded by their children kneeling and praying. The formal court and state dresses make a sad contrast with the uniform of death below.—I find another statue, of the corpse of the royal friend of Da Vinci, most ingeniously sculptured in white marble; and I observe with regret that the boyish petulance of ambition has been before quite as active as it is at this day, in profaning the most sacred monuments by scrawling obscure names upon them.—This fine column hung with laurels and vine leaves, supports on its top the image of Justice; and once contained the heart of the noble constable Montmorency, together with that of a king who wished to be united with his friend both living and dead.

"I would not stop a moment before the kneeling statue of the chancellor Réné Biragué (who, with the abhorred Catherine de Medicis, waded through torrents of blood shed in the night of St. Bartholomew), did not the sight of his spouse under his feet arrest my attention. Dressed in the costume of her time, she reposes on soft pillows, and supports her plump cheeks with her fleshy hand; before her is placed a book, which she seems slightly to peruse, while a teazing lap-dog does all he can to prevent her. What a quiet image of the calm enjoyment of life, unsuspecting the stratagem of death, which is lurking near a bush! Yet on looking down to the *bas-relief* of her couch, we find the same woman a lifeless corpse: the full round features are vanished; the sparkling eye is sunk deep; and the rich vestment, changed into a melancholy winding-sheet. This contrast

of life and death makes a deep impression on the beholder; and the whole appears less a monument, than a satire upon human life.

"I had never before heard the name of Dominique Sarrede mentioned, but my eye dwells gladly on his bust, since I know how faithfully he loved Henry IV. He lost a leg in the battle of Ivry: this, however, did not prevent him from devoting his farther services to his excellent sovereign. His grief at the assassination of the best of masters was such, that passing, two days after the perpetration of the horrid deed, through the street called *Rue de la Ferronerie,* he fell down senseless on the spot where it happened, and died the next morning.

"The physiognomist will find an interest in that statue of Charlotte Catherine de la Tremouille, accused of having poisoned her husband, but acquitted by the parliament. As this image is said to be a striking likeness, he may decide whether she has been justly accused or acquitted: I believe, the former.

"This princess of Conti, who, beautiful and virtuous, was snatched from the world in the thirty-fifth year of her age, was scarcely nineteen years old when she sold her jewels to relieve the poor in a famine. Her tenderness of conscience induced her to make restitution of all those estates of which the possession appeared in the least suspicious to her, and the amount of them is estimated at eight hundred thousand livres. The look with which we part from her *bas-relief,* is benevolence from the heart.

"Another emotion, sublimely affecting, pervades my frame, when I look at the superb monument which Charles Le Brun raised to his mother. An angel with a trumpet hovers over her coffin; the call of the resurrection is sounded; the matron hears it; raises the lid of he coffin; and, gladly awaking from a long slumber, rises out of her grave. Art has here lent a hand to filial duty: the expression of the figure is admirable; a fervent desire after the celestial light seems to beam on the countenance of the blessed parent.

"The two French lines subjoined to the Latin epitaph of the poet Santeuil, are more striking than intelligible:

> Cy git le celebre Santeuil!
> Muses et fous, prenez le deuil.

A composition unique in its kind."

We most cordially agree with our entertaining author, that it is a delight for a thinking and feeling mind to be every where placed among great men; and we are convinced that the museum of monuments must be a far more gratifying exhibition than that of the treasures of art in the museum Napoleon, were it only from the knowledge that the latter is a collection made not

by men of science, but by a banditti of victorious plunderers, whose progress was one continued track of ruin and desolation. M. Kotzebue concludes his account of the monuments with the modest remark, that an amateur who could see them and *judge*, would be able to say twenty times more than himself, who only *felt*.

Before our author gives his opinion on the contents of the gallery of paintings in the museum Napoleon, which he considers to be the richest treasure of the arts in the world, he informs his readers that he is so unfortunate as at first to interest his *feelings* in the works of art, in contradiction to the maxim of the modern school, that such productions are wretched when they operate at all in this manner. Hence he never inquires who is the master, or what the age of a picture: but considers only what sensation it gives him; from a conviction that it was intended by the painter to produce a certain impression upon the specator. After an introduction similar in substance to what we have stated, our author advises the *critic* to pass over the present chapter; and begins his description of the contents of the first saloon,—the repository of the valuable plunder of Venice, Florence, Naples, Turin, and Bologna.

"The expiation," he observes, "of an involuntary offence, by St. Julian, rouses all the powers of fancy. This poor saint had the misfortune to murder his own father and mother, because he found them in his bed: and misled by the darkness of the night, took them to be his wife with her paramour. In order to atone for his sin, he fled with his wife to the banks of a torrent, of which the passage was very dangerous. Here he founded an hospital for the poor and distressed. Once in winter, at midnight, he hears a plaintive voice from the opposite bank; he crosses it with eager haste, finds a poor leper, carries him over, tries to warm him, and, not succeeding before the fire, puts him into his own bed. Immediately a glory of celestial splendour encircles the head of the patient; who assures his pious host that his crime was now expiated by his charitable compassion, and vanishes. The Florentine painter, Allori, of the sixteenth century, chose, and represented in a capital manner, the moment when St. Julian helps the poor leper out of the boat."

Some of his remarks upon the performances of Guido, and others of equal celebrity, shew an extraordinary justness of discrimination and refinement of taste; but his criticisms upon the scriptural pieces might as well have been dispensed with, for we observe that he uniformly treats such subjects with contempt. For instance, he informs us that he *smiles* and passes by the Holy Family by Guido, without assigning any other reason for his sneer than that "the little Jesus is playing with a rosary!" Cor-

regio's Martyrdom of St. Placida and St. Flavia he considers as *revolting;* and the Curse of the Almighty upon our first parents, by Dominichino, as calculated to excite *laughter!*—On other subjects his remarks afford far more gratification. He was particularly struck with the tent of Darius, by Charles Lebrun, in what is called the French school of the gallery; the subject of which he thus describes: "After the battle in which Alexander vanquished the king of Persia, the conqueror, attended by his favourite Hephestion, enters the tent of the Persian princesses. Sysigambis, the mother of Darius, throws herself at the feet of the favourite; and, dazzled by the splendour of his armour, mistakes him for the king. Aware of her mistake, she attempts to apologize. 'There is no mistake,' said Alexander; 'he is my *second self.*' Near Sysigambis kneels the widow of Darius, holding her son towards the victor. The weeping Statira and her younger sister (Darius's daughters), with a great retinue of women, priests, and eunuchs, fill the remaining space of this charming picture.'

The following remarks on the massacre of the innocents by Guido, are strikingly accurate.—"This painter," he says, "otherwise so great, shewed little knowledge of the heart of a mother; nor did he profit of the subject so far as he might have done. Here the mothers only *flee*, or *cry;* none *supplicate;* none *oppose*. This should be particularly noticed, as the weakest hen will defend her brood, were it even against an eagle. I recollect having seen, at Vienna, a picture representing the same horrors, in the gallery of the princess of Lichtenstein, I know not by what master; but the subject was more justly conceived than in the present. The hand of a mother in despair, whose child had just been run through, at the same moment lacerated the cheek of its murderer.—Let him who has seen the boasted painting of the Sabines, by David, here cast a look upon the same history by Guercino. The first view immediately tells us that the latter was no poet; for who, without being a poet, has ever been a great painter?"

Of the contents of the gallery of drawings he is very brief in his descriptions; but the gallery of antiques gives him an opportunity of expressing what he calls *his own* opinion upon two of the most celebrated sculptures of antiquity.

"It is strange," says he, "that though we do not feel ourselves created to gaze at and ape others, we should at the same time feel rather shy of publishing our opinion against the majority. I am in this predicament respecting the Venus de Medicis and the Laocoön. How can I help it, if this Venus appears to me like a very pretty chambermaid, whom the young master of the house surprises in perfect *dishabille*, and who does not

wish in earnest to avoid his voluptuous looks? Her ears have holes bored in them, from which costly rings may have been suspended. The mark on her left arm plainly shews that she once wore the bracelet called *spinther*. It is said to be in contemplation to restore to her these ornaments, in order to imitate fully the taste of the ancients, who loved to mix gold and marble. My taste, however, is not of that kind. The artist who formed this Venus, is said to have been Cleomenes, and to have had a peculiar skill in representing beautiful women; so much so, that Pliny mentions a Roman knight who fell so desperately in love with one of his statues that he died of his passion. How can I help it, if this Laocoön inspires me with a sensation like the man-eater at Berka near Weimar, when I saw him broken upon the wheel in my infancy? "Art, sublime art!" some will say. I have every respect for art; but as I did not come hither to study anatomy, I pass on without prejudicing the opinion of any person; only let me be allowed mine, which invariably consists in this,—*that the fine arts ought only to be employed on fine subjects*; and that as the representation of a scene of torture would give little pleasure upon the stage, neither can Laocoön with his horrid serpents."

The mistakes and innovations of the modern connoisseurs who have been intrusted with the arrangement of these statues, do not escape the notice of our author. They have converted a priest of the god Mithra, which was dug out of a cavern on the banks of the Tiber, into the figure of Paris, by putting into his hand an apple. Before they resolved upon this addition, they supposed him to be Antinoüs; afterwards, the unbearded Hercules; and at another time, Meleager; but he is now almost generally pronounced to be Mercury, and is considered to be one of the most beautiful curiosities in this grand collection. But when Kotzebue arrives at the Apolo Belvedere, he thus expresses his admiration: "I stand before the Apolo of Belvedere; and for once I gladly kneel, and uniting my astonishment and admiration with those of all the skilled and unskilled in this noble art. Yes; this winged foot overtook the serpent Python: already has the fatal arrow fled from the bow, every limb still shews the exertion; indignation sits enthroned on his lip, but confidence of victory in his eye, with joy at having freed Delphos from the monster. His light locks curl in ringlets about his neck, or bear up the divine diadem. Over the right shoulder hangs his quiver, suspened by a ribbon; and rich sandals decorate his feet. The *clamys* thrown back, displays every part of his divine form. Ever-smiling youth, nobleness, slenderness, energy, and elegance, are its component parts. Yes; I readily prostrate myself here, and lament

with many others, that the manner in which this most excellent performance has been exposed, prevents its been seen from all sides."

Our author concludes his account of this gallery with praising the busts of the emperors Adrian, Commodus, Galba, and that of Julia Mammæa; after which he enters into an interesting detail of the manners and customs of the Parisians.

Among the absurd alterations which owe their origin chiefly to the French revolution, those which have taken place in social regulations are not least remarkable. The time as well as the nature of their meals has been totally changed by the versatile Parisians; and not only has the dinner been transferred till a late hour in the evening, but the afternoon's luncheon has been abolished from the capital, and is now only represented in the theatres. This refreshment consisted in France of fruits, wines, and milk; but it is now replaced by what the Parisians call their *tea*. We shall doubtless surprize the plain English reader, when we inform him that the Frenchman's *tea* consists of every thing except the infusion of that plant. It is served between two and three o'clock in the morning; and its component parts are butcher's meat, game, wines, and punch! In cases of emergency, however, the Parisians find it necessary to prepare an afternoon's luncheon; which M. Kotzebue observes, is provided in the following manner: "A huge tart by Cauchois or Leblanc is placed on the middle of the table: at both sides cheeses; and cream *à la vonille*, or *a la rose*, half-whipt, half-iced, and seasoned with pistachioes. These articles are to be provided by mesdames Labour, or Lambert; who are deemed the best cream-makers in Paris. Six plates surround the tart, with the choicest fruits from the widow Fontaine. *Brioches* by Le Sage are placed at the four corners: *meringues à la creme*, by Benard; cakes *á l'abbesse*, and tartlets, by Georges; and *wafers* by Van Roosmalen. Four pyramids must be raised in the corners, of dry or liquid preserved fruit, by Oudard and Berthellemot; *pepper-cakes* and *marsipannes*, by Hemart: confectionary, by Rougot; and jellies by Janvel. All these nice things must be washed down with *Frontignac*, from Tailleur's; and different *liqueurs*, from Lemoine. Among the latter ought to be particularly recommended the *créme d' Arabie*, of which the makers bill assures the public that it is "bottled velvet" *(du velours en bouteilles)*. This liquid velvet is a real delicacy, both in flavour and taste. I have exported some, and several dainty friends of mine allow that they never drank any thing equal to it. It is a proverbial saying here, that *breakfast* is for *friends*, *dinner belongs* to *etiquette*, *afternoon's lunch* to *children*, and *supper* to *love*!

"The bustle of day is gone; business done; repose is inviting; the wax-candles diffuse a soft light, the women are then most amiable, for the hour of their unbounded sway is nigh, for which reason many of them have taken a total leave of the sun. Happy he who can boast of belonging to a good woman *at all times of the day;* yet let him, whom the care of providing the means of subsistence immerses in the vulgar crowd during the day, seek refreshment at night at the round table, with a cheerful and a tender female neighbour. The Muses too are propitious at the evening meal. While the cork flies from the sparkling champagne, wit sallies forth; bon-mots rise like sky-rockets from all quarters; every one is witty, and communicates his wit, though he should only have collected it in the morning of that day.

"So it was at Paris, at least formerly. So it was at those celebrated suppers, when courtiers, citizens, and learned men, associated together; when equality reigned, and high rank was only to be distinguished by a finer taste, and a more graceful ease of manners; where the real *ton* of the world shewed how to be tenderly mindful of the self-love of every guest; and when the beauty and toasts of the day, and the poet in fashion, were mixed with the all-powerful minister and the minion of the court.

"Alas! the torrent of the Revolution has swept all this away. Those suppers were replaced with *fraternal* meals, as they were called, in the middle of the open street, at which presided the fraternity of Cain and Abel: for there never was less liberty and equality in France than when those words were inscribed on every house. Manners, wealth, dignities, good sense and wit, all had taken a different direction; and could the existing remains of those societies of old be brought together, they would hardly find the genuine *ton* again. Suppers are little cared for by the Parisians of the present day. And how should it be possible in a city, where they dine in the evening, where the plays end at midnight, where the rage of gaming has broken loose in all companies, where the rich (allowing a few exceptions) are destitute of knowledge, where the women are without education, and where (as a Parisian journal says) respect and polite deportment *(égards et politesse)* will soon be known only by name?"

It appears from M. Kotzebue's remarks, that many attempts have been made to substitue tea for the suppers, but without success, as nothing is relished but dishes of cold viands, as insipid as the attempts at wit made by those before whom they are placed. Our author could not help observing, that the conversation of the modern upstarts was constantly tinctured with such arrogance as formed a striking contrast with the republican sentiments which they profess; but he scarcely need to have told us, that the Dukes and Peers of the French monarchy were

much more polite than the modern army-contractars, who, at the time of his visit, were the greatest men in Paris.

The old-fashioned and salutiferous breakfasts of tea, coffee, or chocolate, have also, it appears, been abolished, or at least, by the revolution effected in the hours of meals, they are no longer sufficient to serve till dinner, which has rendered it necessary to make the breakfast a more substantial repast. Hence he observes, have arisen the fork-breakfasts *(déjeunés à la fourchette)* which were formerly despised, and, as a vulgar custom, only left to common people and travellers. Now they are very usual in the houses of the rich in modern France. Business seldom begins before ten o'clock. About one the cloth is laid on a mahogany table, and a number of dishes with cold meat and great variety of wines are served. No warm dishes are suffered, with the exception at most of pigeons *à la crapaudine*, fowls *à la Tartare, petites pattées au jus*, kidneys (a very favourite dish), and little sausages. But there are sallads, cold meat, venison and ham pies, and you commence with oysters from the celebrated rock of Cancale. It appears that chocolate, which was formerly consumed by few except invalids, is now a general breakfast with the poor people of Paris, or rather with all, who, though dining at a fashionable hour, cannot afford to stay their appetite with the substantial breakfasts just described. There were, however, only two coffee-houses in which our author could procure this beverage of a good quality.

The dinners given by private families, must appear to an Englishman equally singular with the other ridiculous customs at Paris. This meal is not served till the evening; and in some houses the names of the guests are previously laid upon the plates, by which a man is often obliged to take his seat by the side of a disagreeable companion. The company are first obliged to swallow soups scalding-hot, which they do without the slightest distortion of features. Boiled meat, which used to form the basis of a dinner, is now disused, and *entrées* or side-dishes are substituted, which are carved and distributed by the persons before whom they happen to be placed, so that no man can help himself to any particular dish. Another circumstance worthy of notice is, that they pretend not to relish the roast meat, unless it be in a state approaching to corruption. There are always several sorts of wine, and an abundance of pastry, which, however, is seldom eaten but by ladies and children. At some houses, the extravagance of a private entertainment is almost beyond conception; for M. Kotzebue assures us, that the dessert alone, which is only looked at by the epicures, frequently costs two thousand louis.

The account given by our traveller of the accommodation to be procured at the houses of the restaurateurs, is highly curious. He observes, that in one bill of fare taken from Verry's in the Palais Royal, who is not considered as the first, you have nine different soups, which are followed by seven sorts of pies.

" Those who do not like pies may have oysters at ten sous, or five pence English, per dozen; and there are always women attending in the hall who do nothing but open them. The *hors d'œuvres* (small cold dishes) are twenty-five in number; among which are the famous pigs' feet of St. Menehoult, all sorts of pickled sea-fish, herb sallad, hogs' puddings, hams, and such like articles. Many are accustomed to lay a foundation with beef dressed in fourteen different ways; likewise beef steaks and roast beef. After laying a solid foundation, the bill offers you thirty-one *entrées* of wild and tame fowls, and twenty-eight of veal and mutton. The choice is difficult, particularly as a foreigner, not accustomed to Paris, cannot always understand and translate into his own language the technical French appellations. What foreigner, for instance, would at first know what is meant by a *mayonnaise de poulet*, a *galatine de volaille*, a *cotelette à la minute*, or even an *épigramme d'agneau?* It often happens too, that, seduced by some high-sounding name, you order something that does not afterwards answer your expectation. This, however, is never the case with the fish, of which there are twenty-eight kinds; carp, eels, cod, salmon, sturgeon, pike, gudgeon, cabliau, mackarel, flounders, perch, cockles, trout, soles, &c. &c. all to be had in one day! It must be acknowledged that those who are fond of fish cannot fare badly at Paris. There is likewise abundance of roast: fifteen different sorts are to be had, the dearest of which are fat Normandy capons, red partridges, and snipes. Besides the roast, the *entremêts*, or side-dishes, ought not to be omitted; they are very numerous, and tempt the appetite under forty-eight different forms. There are also all kinds of vegetables, whether in season or not; asparagus and green peas are always at command; there are eggs and pancakes dressed in various ways, jellies and creams, macaronies and truffles in champagne, champignons and craws, cherries and apricots. A great eater, were his appetite ever so voracious, cannot rise from table hungry: but should he still have a little room left, thirty-one different articles of dessert will afford him an opportunity of filling it up; if he be not (as great eaters should be) fond of sweet things, preserves, confectionary, fresh and dried fruit, &c. he will not refuse a slice of *fromage de Rochefort, de Brie, de Neufchatel*, or even of Cheshire. He may abundantly moisten his solids with twenty-two sorts of red, and seventeen of white

wine, being perfectly at liberty to chuse either a bottle of good, ordinary table-wine, for an English shilling, or one of *clos vaugeot* at eight shillings. Seven kinds of *liqueur wines* then await him; these are, however, drank only out of small glasses; and after taking his coffee, he has the option of sixteen sorts of *liqueurs*, and is at liberty to select that which he thinks most worthy of terminating the whole repast."

These luxuries, it appears, are by no means expensive. The charges at the greatest restaurateurs, including wine, are seldom more than eight shillings; and though the wine is brought in whole bottles, a person pays only for as much as he drinks. Those with whom economy is an object, may procure a dinner consisting of a number of dishes for thirty-six sols. At other places the charge is still more moderate. *Letellier, rue St. Honoré*, gives soup, four dishes, a dessert, bread, and a pint of wine, for thirty-six sous. Another person in the Palais Royal, No. 643, offers the same, one dish excepted, for only twenty-five sous (scarcely thirty-five pence.)

On the subject of the indecency to which the Parisians have extended their dressing, we are not altogether ignorant; for, thanks to the efforts of our own *marchandes des modes*, they have enabled our females to imitate with no ordinary success the attractive nudity of their Gallic neighbours. M. Kotzebue is of opinion, that the present fashion of dressing is certainly the most tempting that Satan could have invented to attract the voluptuous eyes of men. We agree with him, that the clothes called decent, even by the beauties of our own metropolis, no girl of the town would, a few years ago, have been allowed to appear in. We cannot, however, conceive why such an accurate observer as M. Kotzebue, should treat so serious a subject in one continued strain of levity. It must be admitted, that the difference between the present transparent chemises and a fig-leaf is no greater, than between the former and the hoop petticoats of old. But M. Kotzebue *hopes*, that, with *God's assistance*, we shall bring matters still farther! He afterwards, in some degree, defends this naked method of dressing, on the ground, that it is conducive to health; because "man and potatoes may be inured to any thing." A still greater advantage, however, in his opinion, is, that from the corporeal petrifaction, if we may so call it, arising from the nakedness of dress, the sexes can assemble on parties of pleasure with the assurance, that they shall not be interrupted by those temporary ailments, the head-ache and nervous affections, with which about twenty years ago females were always accompanied.

We learn, that painting with rouge is quite ont of fashion among the ladies of Paris; but the use of white paint is very

general, and is called painting *à la Psyché*, as those who are so ornamented, resemble a portrait of Psyche, by Gerard. But what has been abandoned by the ladies, has been adopted by the gentlemen, who rouge themselves to excess, in order that their cheeks may form a contrast with the blackness of their wigs. Every part of the world contributes towards the dress of a woman of ton in France, as it consists of English cloth, Egyptian shawls, Irish shoes, Roman sandals, India muslins, Mechlin lace, Lyons embroidery, and Turin silks.

The following remark is not unworthy of notice, as it shews how anxiously we imitate French extravagance; for it is well known, that *our* furniture must now be every thing but English. "A *petite-maitresse*," says a wag, "wants every year 365 head-dresses, and as many pair of shoes, 600 dresses, and 12 shifts. Her furniture must be Grecian, Roman, Etruscan, Turkish, Arabic, Chinese, Persian, Egyptian, English, and Gothic, but by no means French. This furniture ought to cost 50,000 francs per annum, the bed excepted, which alone requires 20,000 francs. Thirty thousand more must be expended for boxes at the play-house, and the insertion of paragraphs in the journals; and in acts of beneficence only one hundred!!!

In proportion as shifts have become obsolete, splendid carriages have been ranked as articles of necessity. The female fashionables drive a curricle in the morning; in the evening they ride in a diligence; they travel to the country in a tape-cul; go to the play in a berlin, to places of entertainment in a chariot, to their creditors in a demi-fortune, and to their husbands in a dormeuse. To France, also, our females are indebted for the very convenient custom of wearing no pockets; and it seems, that even the *ridicule*, or thing which was suspended from their arm as a substitute, has now fallen into disuse. On alluding to this circumstance, M. Kotzebue relates the following anecdote:—"A mother once asked her daughter, why do you suffer that huge overgrown fellow, who looks like a model of a church steeple, to be continually following you?—Lord! replied the daughter, I must blow my nose, must not I?" He actually carried her handkerchief.

We shall pass over the fantastical and ridiculous dresses of the *élegants*, or men of fashion, which, thank heaven, with all our excesses, we have not yet become sufficiently degraded to imitate, and proceed to some anecdotes more nearly connected with the dissolute manners, which prevail in our own capital; we mean the production of matrimonial matches, by advertising in the newspapers. These kinds of advertisements are far more frequent in Paris than in London, from the simple circumstance, that the people of that capital are doubtless farther advanced in

vice. The following are some specimens of the Parisian mode of advertising, to which we shall subjoin M. Kotzebue's remarks :

" A bachelor of forty, versed in literature, a cheerful companion, of pleasing manners, *good family*, and in tolerable easy circumstances, wishes to meet with a maiden lady, or widow, without children, from twenty-six to thirty-four years of age, well-bred, intelligent, and without property, to be united *(à s'unir)*, and to live happily together."

Does this *unite* signify to *marry?* I don't know. At any rate one cannot help observing what stress the French again lay upon being of a good family.

" A man, thirty-eight years old, who is his own master, &c. &c. wishes to find a lady who has some property, and would join in company with him." The word marry is again eluded here.

" A healthy widower, sixty years old, without children, possessing a yearly income of 1400 franks, and who has for these ten years inhabited neat apartments near the Thuilleries, seeks a lady of a *suitable age*, of agreeable temper, and some property, to whom he might make such proposals as would be acceptable; or he is willing to receive proposals from her. His sole aim is their mutual happiness." This old Corydon, likewise, is careful not to mention matrimony. He, too, like the former, makes it a condition that the lady must not be poor. For the rest, it is worthy of remark, that he boasts of his lodgings being near the Thuilleries, a circumstance particularly tempting to a French woman.

" A young widow, in every respect interesting, both with regard to character, personal accomplishments, and education, having lost her fortune, wishes to keep company with a single person." That, by this single person, a man is meant, is plain, from her praising her figure, which, if it had been addressed to females, would have been superfluous, perhaps even prejudicial.

" A single young lady, thirty years of age, of good family, with 16,000 francs, and a pretty considerable property in movables, wishes for a legitimate union *(à s'unir legitimement)*, with a man between thirty and forty-five years of age, who has a situation in some office, or possesses some property." At last here is one who wishes for a *legitimate union*. But as the word *legitimement* must be placed next to *unir*, to shew this legitimacy, it is clear that all the others who have been speaking of *union* and *unite*, without this addition, could not have matrimony in view. We see, at least, from this example, how far a female, with 16,000 francs, may be brought, if she owns herself to be thirty years old, and is of course forty.

"A man, sixty-three years old, in good health, and a widower, without children, wishes to become acquainted with a lady (endowed with all the qualities that are generally required of them), in order perhaps to offer her his hand, if, upon further acquaintance, their respective moral qualifications inspire them with the hope of living happily together; or, if she should prefer it, merely to unite her interest with his, without any other tie than that of friendship, on which she may safely rely on his part."

The result of such connections may be easily anticipated; but as such events are not inserted in the newspapers, they are seldom generally known.

The intelligent mind of M. Kotzebue leaves no subject unobserved: he enters at much length upon the description and practices of a certain class of females, who carry the indecency of their dress to an extent of which none but an actual spectator can have any conception; the age of some of these unfortunates was such as to shock the feelings of our author in the extreme; though he has occasionally shewn us, that he is not affected by trifles! Passing over the disgusting detail here alluded to, we shall give the following passage, which forcibly exhibits the easy descent from profligacy to destruction.

"The ladies of pleasure reside principally in the Palais Royal, in the *entresols* of the first floor, where they stand singing at the windows the whole day, and in this they are not interrupted. Their's is, truly, the song of the Syrens. The palace has an infinite number of divisions. I was much struck by one of these, because a libertine and debauchee may run through his whole romantic career in it without loss of time. At the very top, in the third story, is a pawnbroker's, where the profligate spendthrift may replenish his purse upon leaving valuable pledges. Descending one pair of stairs, he finds gaming-rooms, where he may get eased of his money. He needs then only to go down half a flight of stairs, to lose his health with an impure. On leaving her, he is joined by a new companion, Despair, with whom he descends to the shop on the ground-floor, where are sold daggers and pistols. There he may spend his last farthing, and, without any farther ceremony, blow out his brains. It must be confessed, that it is impossible to render living and dying more convenient to a profligate."

M. Kotzebue then mentions a very excellent institution called the Physico-pathological cabinet of Bertrand, likewise in the Palais Royal, which exhibits the human subject in every state of progressive disease. He advises all parents or tutors who send or accompany young men to Paris to take them to this exhibition: and, if afterwards, they are unable to resist the allurements of vice, they must have been incurable before their

arrival. He concludes this subject with the following almost incredible anecdote, for which he pledges his veracity:

"Some German physicians who have fixed their residence at Paris, bringing with them their native modesty, at first avoid speaking to young men concerning a certain disorder before parents, brothers, or sisters. They however soon find with astonishment, that their patients speak on that subject with the utmost freedom, even in the presence of their sisters, who frequently interfere in the conversation, or bring to recollection some particular circumstance that may have been forgotten. The ladies are said to possess great penetration in discovering what is the matter with a young man; upon which they frequently teaze him with saying, *Il s'est brulé*—He has burned himself!—O sacred Modesty! thou hast indeed chapels here and there in Paris, but temples thou hast none!"

Madame Recamier one day proposed to our author to conduct him to the ruined abbey of St. Dennis, which contained the remains of the ancient Kings of France. We have already shewn the refinement of M. Kotzebue's taste, as exhibited in his veneration for the monuments and sacred relics of the departed great. It will therefore be readily conceived, that no spot could be more attractive to him, than that which was now the object of his curiosity. Accordingly, on approaching the abbey, he indulges in some animated reflections on the vanity and vicissitudes of human life, arising from the circumstance, that the spot in which worms once preyed upon Kings, is now converted into a store-house for the food of man; many parts of the abbey being filled with casks of flour.

We are here strongly tempted to exceed our usual limits by giving the interesting remarks, which were made by M. Kotzebue, on his visit to these venerable remains of antiquity. "Here," says he, "we found an aged Swiss, who had served forty years in this abbey, and had seen it during the last days of its splendid existence. He wanders about the precincts as the ghost of some noble ancestor is supposed to haunt his ruined castle, which in his days appeared to bid defiance to the ravages of time. His eyes were wishfully surveying the naked walls, and he now and then gave a significant nod, as if taking leave of some old friend, whose image presented itself to his mind. It was to different monuments which had once been placed there, and had left an idelible impression on his soul, that he made this motion. This man was a eamplete register of every thing formerly contained in these spacious vaults. He stopped us at every step, saying, 'Here was the monument of a Queen;' at every hole into which he cautioned us not to fall, he named some King or Hero who had been deposited in it. We followed him down a long

flight of steps into a dark subterraneous passage, on both sides of which still projected the blocks of stone on which the coffins were formerly placed. They formed such a narrow alley, that the living fair-one took faster hold of my arm, and pressed closer to me in order to keep out of the resting-place of the departed great.

" In this gloom, where only a distant light sheds its dim rays, the old man, with a voice as if it proceeded from another world, exclaimed, " Here lay Louis XIV. and there Turenne; here Louis XIII. and there Bertrand du Guesclin ;" and having proceeded almost the whole length of the narrow passage, in which the majesty and ambition of thirty kings found sufficient room, he stood still; folding his hands and hanging down his head, he said with a faultering voice, " This bench bore the coffin of Henry IV!"

" His mournful silence, seconded by ours, both did honour to the place, and left us at liberty for a few minutes to indulge in a melancholy sensation, which each endeavoured to suppress. This silence the old man interrupted; for there was still something that oppressed his heart, which he wished to unbosom to us: it was, that he was present when the coffin of Henry IV. was opened; that his corpse was in perfect preservation: that at this sight the most resolute ruffians, by whom it was surrounded, and even Robespierre himself, were seized with a sudden and involuntary awe; that several of them softly approached, and stole some hairs from Henry's beard, which they afterwards wore in rings as precious relics. " But what became of all those corpses?"— " Robespierre ordered them all to be burned excepting that of Turenne."—" And were they actually burned?" Here the old man made a pause: but discovering that I was a foreigner, and seeing my fair companion so deeply affected, he was inspired with confidence, and acknowledged that he had not burned the bones, but had buried them in the dead of the night, about one hundred yards from the abbey. We requested him to conduct us to the spot, when he complied.

" Leaving the long, dark vault, we entered a light subterraneous chapel, where several statues of saints, as large as life, still remained. The Swiss pointed out to us a Virgin Mary, which, by some strange coincidence, bears such a striking likeness to the ill-fated queen, Marie Antoinette, that every person who ever saw her must admit that no portrait could be a more perfect resemblance.

" From the ravaged temple of death, we reascended into the desolate hall where Time now first dares to whet his scythe. The old man flatters himself that he shall yet live to see the

abbey restored to its former splendour, and his hope is founded on some words which Bonaparte is reported to have once dropped. But as the rebuilding it would cost immense sums, it is not probable that it will be undertaken, at least for the present. It is well for the old man that he still entertains some hope; it is the last recruit of oil to the wick of his life, and he who robs him of it to-day, will to-morrow find him no more.

"Upon leaving the abbey, he conducted us, conformably to his promise, to a little grass-plot, about one hundred yards off, which had nothing whatever to distinguish it. Here, in a space which I could cover with my extended arms, were deposited, under my feet, the bones of more than forty kings, queens, princes, and heroes. What had agitated, convulsed, tormented, or blessed the world for a series of ages, now occupied a spot just large enough for a child to throw its doll about! Let him who is tortured with arrogance and ambition flee to this hallowed retreat! For as the Furies quitted Orestes at the entrance of Diana's grove, so his passions will not dare to follow him hither; and even after he has left this solitary grass-plot, those that might otherwise have attacked him will not trouble him any more.

"I asked the Swiss if all the bones were mixed together? "Yes," said he, "I had no time to separate them, but dug a hole as quickly as possible, and threw them in all together. The only one that I should know again is Henry IV. whose remains I threw in first, so that they lie quite at the bottom."

"I suppose this fact may be known to several in Paris; but as many, perhaps scores of years may elapse before the time shall return when a virtuous Frenchman durst loudly wish to rescue the bones of the good Henry from a degrading oblivion, I will consign my information to these pages: and should the old Swiss die, together with all those who may know the spot, yet as long as I live the place cannot be lost, for never shall I forget it!

"The old man attended us to the carriage, and it might be seen in his countenance how happy he felt in having been able to unbosom himself without restraint. We sat mute for some time, revolving in our minds what we had seen and heard. It was a preparation worthy the view of Rousseau's hermitage, which, after strolling about for some time in the valley of Montmorency, we discovered, modestly peeping out from an eminence overgrown with bushes. As we approached, my imagination represented the philosopher botanizing on the hill under the trees, or looking on with good-nature at a dance of the rustics. The house, which is now inhabited in summer by the amiable Getry, is very small, extremely plain, and is left in winter to the care

of an old woman and her daughter. We found only the latter at home: with a friendly anticipation of our wishes, she introduced us into Rousseau's apartment, the papering of which is still the same as when he occupied it. I sat down at the same table on which he wrote what Nature dictated to him: I opened the table-drawer, and found in it the identical ink-stand that he used: on the mantle-piece was likewise placed his candlestick. I shall say nothing of my feelings. If the past rush with vivid recollection upon the mind, it at the same time deprives a person of the power of utterance. For the present, Heaven has given us sounds; for the past only sighs. A dove was fluttering about the room; it was so tame, so gentle: we opened the window for it, but to no purpose. We might almost have been induced here to believe in the transmigration of souls."

Professor Bygge, whose Tour to Paris was not long since published in London, in one volume 12mo. has been very accurate in his descriptions of the different public institutions of that capital. M. Kotzebue, it is true, goes over the same ground; and though in some parts, his manner of description may be more interesting, yet these are the passages which we can pass over with least reluctance, from a conviction, that what is related in them, is already well known. For example, M. Kotzebue is very minute in his account of the cabinet of antiquities, on which almost all modern travellers of a literary turn have published their remarks. Those made by the author before us on many of the institutions in Paris, such as the Mint, the College of Surgery, the Veterinary School, the Prytaneum, the Athenæum, &c. are very brief, and these places have been already described with accuracy, in the well-known pocket-volume, called the Picture of Paris.

M. Kotzebue was led from motives of curiosity to hear several trials at the Palais de Justice: he gives a minute description of the arrangements of this court, which we do not think sufficiently interesting to specify. The examination of prisoners and cross-examination of witnesses, are conducted nearly in the same manner as in our own courts. Trials for forgery are very frequent in Paris, arising from the high degree of public misery prevalent in that capital. Some criminals, who were convicted during the attendance of our author, of forging bank-notes, were sentenced to be branded on the shoulder with the letter F. and to be confined six years in chains; they were found guilty on the evidence of an informer, a character which the Parisians hold in the highest detestation, and who, not unfrequently, forfeits his life to their vengeance. But it is remarkable, that those found guilty of forg-

ing paper-money, are only subjected to the punishment just mentioned, while those who counterfeit pieces with Bonaparte's effigy, receive the punishment of the guillotine.

When speaking of the versatile temper of the Parisians, M. Kotzebue introduces a very laughable dialogue between persons of different professions, supposed to have met in a stage-coach, which, though he admits it to be only an invention, he considers it, and undoubtedly with justice, as a parody upon the world at large; its object being to shew, that no man is, or ever has been, satisfied with his condition. This spririt of envy is prevalent in Paris, where even the upstart is not contented, because he conceives another is about to get the start of him.

We are not suprised to learn, that the horrors of the Revolution are loaded with execration, though our author is of opinion, that this arises in a great degree from *fashion*; but that the authors of such excesses live among those they have injured, in *amicable* intercourse, we cannot bring ourselves to believe, from our own knowledge of the French character. The people certainly have not forgotten the injuries which they sustained from a few of the revolutionary tyrants; who, it appears, still exist among them; and it is probable, that they will one day make a dreadful retaliation.

"That the Parisians take pleasure in recalling to their remembrance the ancient order of things, is observable on a hundred occasions, and in a hundred little traits. The portrait of Louis XVI. is to be found in all the print-shops. On the evening of my arrival, I went to see the opera of Adrian, and heard with astonishment the most enthusiastic plaudits bestowed on these words, *Fidèle à mon roi.*

"The palace of the tribunate is again generally called *Palais Royal;* the last post-station before you reach Paris, *poste royale,* and the *Rue de la Loi* is most generally called *Rue Richelieu.* The wife of a post-master on the road between Lyons and Paris sorrowfully said to me, on perceiving the star on my coat, *En vous voyant, Monsieur, nous renaissons.* People who want to obtain situations think it a recommendation to have been nobles. A lady who wished for a situation as governess in a family, expressly mentioned, that she was the daughter of a *Chevalier de St. Louis!* and another boasted in the same manner of her noble descent; the latter even went so far as to have it mentioned in a public advertisement, that she wished to do the honours at a lady's or gentleman's table of her rank *(de sa classe.)* The ministers are again called *Excellencies,* and liveries become more numerous every day.

"The most popular public journals often defend the nobility in an ingenious manner. A certain family pride is peculiar to all

ranks and classes. Before the revolution, the citizen, as well as the nobleman, was honoured by a line of respectable ancestors, who perhaps filled places usually held by nobles. Even farmers, before they would give their daughters in marriage, carefully enquired about the *family* of their future sons-in-law. A kind of nobility was not unknown to the peasant's cottage, where it consisted in the respect of old age, and the acknowledged spotless good name of his family. Philosophy has sometimes degraded those sentiments, and the Revolution was about to extirpate them entirely. Every body exclaimed with Juvenal, "*Stemmata quid faciunt!*" What do we care for ancestors? The wisdom of the hoary ages of antiquity has long since answered this question. Even then every body began to count his ancestors when asked his name and calling. They were in some measure, his *guarantees*. The heroes of Homer never omitted doing so. Plato himself did not deem it a trifling matter; and we observe that Alcibiades, by Eurysaces, could trace his ancestors up to Jupiter; and that Socrates, among his, had Dædalus and Vulcan.

"What people were they, who, at the Olympic games, had the genealogy of Leonidas recounted to them? What nation was it that had the patience to hear the long line of Cæsar's ancestors named from the tribune? The Greeks, the Romans! Weigh on one side, the unanimity of all nations and ages, under all forms of government; on the other, the wisdom of a few days, to which we owe the great discovery, that a father is nothing to his son. What is general cannot be a prejudice. Not only Europe, even the New World adheres to this persuasion: no savage in the wilds of North America leaves his cot, without taking the bones of his fathers along with him. The most ancient nation that is known, the Chinese, pay divine honours to their ancestors. From the palace to the hovel, man tries to propagate his memory to future ages. Animated by this wish, the hoary sire sows the seed of a tree, of which he will not perhaps live to see the third leaf: by his ancestors (that is to say, *recollections*), he is connected with the past; by his children (i.e. *hopes*) with the future. In the physical order of things individuals perish, the species subsist for ever; and so it is in the moral world. He is not a good man who wishes to insulate, as it were, all our enjoyments, and to confine them to the present moment.

"Thus reason, at present, those very Frenchmen, who, but a few years ago, who would have hurried to the lamp-iron any one who durst have uttered such sentiments."

It appears, that notwithstanding the well-known character of the French for vivacity, their modern fashionable societies are intolerably dull. This arises, in a principal degree

from that want of confidence, which evidently prevails between parties of all classes, where each man looks upon his neighbour with suspicion and distrust. Instead, therefore, of those friendly and open communications, which prevailed in all respectable companies under the old form of government, there is now, in the evening assemblies, literally no conversation at all: the guests come and go when they please, fill up their time with common-place remarks upon the weather, and occasionally play at cards, while those hostesses who lay superior claims to politeness, always invite the blind Abbé de Lille, who entertains the company with recitations from his poems. The principal performers of the French Stage are also invited to all fashionable parties, where they give recitations and songs.

The most celebrated contemporary painter of the French school, is David, well-known in the annals of the Revolution. He exhibits a few of his most famous pictures, amongst which are the *Rape of the Sabines* and the *Horatii* taking their oath: the expence of admission is trifling; yet by this means David has amassed the sum of 60,000 livres. We learn with regret, however, that the historical painters in Paris, although there are several who possess exquisite talents, can scarcely procure a subsistence.

Speaking of the Bastile, our author says, "The spot where this structure of lawless despotism once stood will be for ever memorable. Some parts of the walls, ditches, and gates, still remain, but within the inclosure is piled up wood for fuel. I will not vouch for the truth of the assertion, that a certain republican hero has on several occasions sincerely lamented the destruction of that tomb of the living. Let him consider, that there is still left the Temple where Louis XVI. was immured, and which still contains room for many a wretched victim. The latter is now surrounded with walls of such height, that its four turrets, with a fifth in the centre, can only be seen at a distance. Recollecting the dreadful times past, a sensation of gloomy melancholy seizes the passenger."

It was doubtless such sentiments as these, which M. Kotzebue has frequently interspersed in his work, that caused his late arrest, while travelling in Italy.

Amongst the curiosities worthy the attention of foreigners, is the Physical Cabinet of Professor Charles, in which there is an immense electrical machine, which on merely being put in motion, causes the hair of the spectator to stand erect at the distance of two yards. The Observatory is also well worthy of attention.

The third volume commences with an account of some

remarkable curiosities, establishments, and public edifices; and we really remember no traveller who ever entered into so minute an examination of every subject worthy of notice in that capital, nor one who has such a happy method of communicating his ideas. His account of the *Palais Royal* will serve as a farther specimen; and we would really advise every Englishman, who may hereafter go to Paris, to take M. Kotzebue's book as a companion: he will need no better conductor.

"Its inner court (the Palais Royal), three hundred and twenty yards in length, and one hundred and fifty in breadth, has been newly planted. The present generation will scarcely live long enough to walk under the shade of these trees; but whether shady or not, this palace, nevertheless, remains the daily place of resort for many thousands of people; and during the greatest part of the day, its piazzas or arcades are so much crowded, that it is impossible to make your way through without the aid of your elbows. No wonder; for here are eighteen coffee-houses, ten restaurateurs, half a dozen pastry-cooks, many public-houses, several wine-merchants, ice-sellers, fruit-women, a couple of billiard-tables, and a great number of confectioners; in short, you may eat and drink in as great abundance, and of as great delicacies as in any part of the world. Among other things, you find a wafer-shop, where several persons sit before the fire the whole day, and do nothing but bake wafers, and most excellent ones they are. In a small room beyond the shop, they are served quite hot, and if you please you may drink a glass of Malaga with them. It was my usual breakfast, and does not overload the stomach. Whoever does not like this fare, may go to the next shop and procure a cold partridge-pie, or some of the thousand cold viands, which are every where exposed in a most relishing manner to tempt the eye.—If you like, you may go one pair of stairs higher into apartments elegantly furnished, pass your time in playing at all imaginable games of hazard, and drain your purse; or follow the syren's song, resounding from the windows of the *entresol;* or read the newspapers in a coffee-house; or go to the reading-rooms kept by one *Jorre,* where you always find two warm rooms in winter, and on paying six livres a month, you may read from morning till night forty newspapers and journals. When tired of this, you may go (take notice, still under the same piazzas) to the *Théatre Montansier,* or to *M. Seraphin's Ombres Chinoises,* or to the *Theatre des Enfans,* or to the puppet-show, or to a private theatre in a cellar. At the time I was there, Pyramus and Thisbe were to be seen in wax-work; the body of the virtuous Thisbe, who was probably rendered pregnant by Pyramus, might be opened, and the situation in which the fœtus lay examined. Before the door

door was a cryer, who kept repeating the whole day, *Messieurs, voyez en passant, le chef d'œuvre de l'art, curieux et interessant. Le professeur va commencer l'explication dans l'instant, entrez! entrez!*

"This invitation was sung to the tune of a hymn, and the vociferating sounds tickled the ears even after you had left the *Palais*. More serious entertainment is afforded by Bertrand's physical cabinet a few paces farther.

"The *Théatre Français*, the first in Paris, is likewise so connected with the Palais Royal, that a continuation of the covered walks leads through into it.—If every other method of diversion be exhausted, surely some novelty may be found among the twenty booksellers' shops under the arcades; or, giving way to the impulse of vanity, you may have your portrait taken by a miniature-painter. Not less than nineteen of these artists here exhibit their specimens good and bad, cheap and dear, from six livres to ten louis. There are some of them who promise to furnish a portrait within the space of an hour, and who are artists of merit as far as regards hitting a resemblance. Thus I saw, for instance, a portrait of the hereditary Prince of Weimar, badly painted, but a strong resemblance, in the Palais Royal, during the whole of my stay. If, notwithstanding all this, you are still at a loss for diversion, which is scarcely possible, you may read so many thousand bills posted up against the walls, or look at elegant shops; among which you find no less than sixteen milliners, twenty warehouses for ready-made wearing apparel, thirty stocked with all kinds of stuffs for ladies and gentlemen, numerous shops containing the most beautiful hardwares, glass, china, arms, seals, childrens' toys, &c.

"If you have no money to purchase any of these things, here are two pawnbrokers' shops, and two lottery-offices. The former give ready money on good pledges; and the latter, hopes of ready money. In short, were you to be shut up for life in the Palais Royal, you need never want any thing that renders life pleasant, from the *Théatre Français*, to the shoe-black's stall, which bears the pompous inscription, *Aux artistes réunis*, The united artists.

"The coffee-houses vie with each other in making a splendid external appearance. One is called the coffee-house of a thousand columns (*cafe aux mille colonnes*), because its apartments, supported by about half a dozen pillars, are multiplied by the reflections from one glass to another, to thousands. Another, with the sign of the Mount St. Bernard, calls itself *unique*. The manner in which it distinguishes itself is indeed singular enough. A considerable portion of the coffee-room has been sacrificed to a model of Mount St. Bernard. Besides this, all the rooms are decorated with an immense number of small puppets, in glass

frames, and capable of being set in motion. They partly imitate various nations, and particularly those described in Cooke's Voyages, and partly French peasants, from the most remote provinces, and are, in general, a tolerable resemblance. At any rate, a person who takes a dish of coffee here, is sure of being agreeably entertained."

The palace of the Conservative Senate, which was formerly called La Luxembourg, and celebrated for its beautiful gardens, has been mentioned by almost every modern traveller; so that in M. Kotzebue's account of it, we meet with nothing particularly worth attention. Of the hall appropriated to the Council of Five Hundred, he, however, gives the following interesting description:

"Such must have been the appearance of the place where the Senate of ancient Rome used to meet, and if not such, it was certainly far inferior to the Hall of Five Hundred, which is splendid without luxury and gaudy glitter. In a vast semicircle, five hundred seats rise into the form of an amphitheatre; behind these is a gallery for the constituted authorities, and, above that, a second for the people. The ceiling, which joins the latter, is decorated with the pictures of ancient legislators and celebrated republicans. Here are Solon, Lycurgus, Regulus, Cato, and many others, with the period in which they lived marked underneath. In the midst of all these figures, Nature sits enthroned with the inscription: *Nature alone gives eternal laws.* The hall receives light from above, and warmth from below, for it has neither windows nor stoves.

"Opposite the seats of the Five Hundred, is a handsome tribune for the president; and, a little farther, a second for the secretaries. The walls are hung with drapery, not tricoloured, but of light green cloth, with flame-coloured ornaments. Every thing is simply dignified, and I think it impossible to fit up any place in the world in a manner more appropriate to its use."

His account of the Hotel of the Invalids strongly reminds us of our own excellent institution, Chelsea Hospital. Like this, it is built on the banks of the principal river: the ease and regulations of its tenantry seem to be the same; and we learn, that the veterans of the French hospital have the advantage of an excellent and very extensive library, in which are abundance of tables and chairs placed for the accommodation of its visitors.

"At different distances is a written request, not to spit on the floor, which is kept uncommonly clean. In the back ground of the library hangs David's picture of Buonaparte crossing the Alps, while a gust of wind blows his cloak over his head. It is the same which Buonaparte made a present of to the Invalids,

and which the hoary warriors were obliged to salute with discharges of artillery on its arrival. This *large cloak,* spread like a sail, almost wholly enwraps the *little man.* It bears not the least resemblance to him. Flattery, however, takes care that it be multiplied. I found a painter and two young ladies sitting before it, and taking a copy; the former was a miniature painter, and the ladies only took a drawing of it. A number of invalids were sitting round about reading; one a military work, another a tragedy by Racine, and the third a novel. Meantime their eyes were fixed on their visitors of the fair sex; and it being rather cold, they came to solicit the ladies to warm themselves before the fire. The latter, wholly intent upon their work, declining it, the gallant cripples brought straw mats, which they spread under the ladies' feet, to prevent their catching cold on the marble pavement. It ought not to be forgotten that they were all *common* soldiers."

The great cupola of this institution is surrounded by a multitude of colours, each of which forms a letter of an inscription announcing the victories of the French. M. Kotzebue could see here the colours of all nations *except his own,* the Prussian; but this remark, which he evidently intends as a compliment to his country, seems to us so very much like a satyre upon its government, that we can hardly refrain from a smile. Pray, good Mr. Kotzebue, how are the colours of one nation to be obtained by another, if the former be resolved to see with impunity the grossest outrages committed on its neighbours, in defiance of every known principle of national justice, rather than take up arms against the common enemy? Since the French, in the late war, began to be victorious, the wary government of Prussia resolved to be at peace; and if it had taken a contrary resolution, perhaps, good sir, you would have had no cause for your exultation! We think, if our memory do not fail us, that those very French, who were once in your opinion the greatest people upon earth, did a few years ago beat your countrymen most soundly, and take away their colours; and perhaps if you were again to visit the Hotel of the Invalids, you might, by the help of your spectacles, discover those identical colours in some remote corner of the cupola. Besides, sir, *we* will not believe you, when you assert, that you saw the colours of *all* nations in this cupola, except those of your own. We cannot bring ourselves to believe, that you saw any *English* colours amongst them; or if you did, and were gratified at the sight, you need only visit London, and we will return you the compliment a hundred fold.

But to return to our analysis. M. Kotzebue makes some just remarks on the fine battle-pieces, with which the halls of this institution are decorated, as all such pictures resemble each other,

" But one," says he, " which shews the heroic sacrifice made by the officer at Nancy, of his own person, by voluntarily placing himself at the mouth of the cannon, to prevent its being fired upon the citizens, and who thus became a victim to his patriotism, is a beautiful performance; and it is still more charming, that it should hang here. Finally, if I step under this *vast* cupola, this rotunda, towering aloft into the skies, in the most superb style of architecture, I observe its sole ornament, its sole ornament in the strictest sense of the word, the tomb of Turenne. His bones, saved from the monument at St. Denis, really repose here. This sepulchral monument resembles that which his children had once raised for him at St. Denis. Something, however, surprised me in the cupola, viz. the twelve apostles painted, and below them *bass-reliefs* of Voltaire, Rousseau, and others. How happens it that Voltaire and Rousseau should be confounded with invalids and apostles?"

The botanical garden he considers unworthy of praise, as it is very inferior to many in Germany. This garden, however, contains the gallery of Natural History, which is allowed to be the most famous in the world, as it possesses, either alive or stuffed, every animal that has hitherto been described by naturalists or travellers. " A large hall contains the quadrupeds. In its centre is the zebra, with variegated stripes, the rhinoceros, the elephant, and finally the tall camelopard, near which stands the elephant like a dwarf. At two yards distance is the little Siberian mouse, the smallest of all the quadrupeds. Good God! if you eye in thought the humming-bird near the ostrich, and the little Siberian mouse near the camelopard, and you recollect that these colossal creatures did not receive more life from nature than those diminutive atom-like animals—how much matter do we find for serious reflection! On the side walls are to be found not only the well known animals which are found in other places, but likewise the hippopotamus, the sea-cow, the antelope, the sloth, the ant-eater; in short, all the animals that are seen depicted in Buffon." It also appears, that this institution is about to receive many important additions, from the curiosities sent home by Captain Baudin, now on his voyage round the world*.

On examining the anatomical cabinet of the celebrated Cuvier, our author makes a remark, which we recommend to the attention of our advocates for the liberty and equality of the Negroes, which is, that the heads of those people are an exact mongrel-species between men and monkies: they are quite as *distorted* as

* The first part of the Voyage of this celebrated traveller has been some time in the French press, and is nearly ready for publication. Our readers may be assured, that we shall be the first to present them with its translation.—EDITOR.

those of the apes; and the chin, like that of those animals, turns inwards. The result is, that Kotzebue is of opinion *the Blacks are not our brethren!*

We now come to a part of this work, which we will presume to say, notwithstanding the improbability that may be attached to it, none of our readers can peruse without a strong degree of interest. It relates to the actual existence of the Dauphin, the son of the unfortuate Louis XVI. Before we begin our extract, we must premise, that there are many thousands of persons in France, who implicitly believe in the truth of this story, which is placed on the records of the government of the usurper. It is as follows:

"*Jean Marie Hervagault* is the son of a taylor at St. Lo, of a prepossessing figure, features bearing great resemblance to those of Louis XVI. fair, slender, lively, communicative without suspicion, quickly penetrating, and feigning innocence in a masterly manner; of course a person of great endowments, but of no education. He is supposed to be a natural son of the late Duke of Valentinois, who possessed estates in Normandy. The strange events of the Revolution disordered his senses; he saw that many had raised themselves from obscurity, and he wished to do the same. In September, 1796, he left his father's house, and strolled as a vagabond about the country, declaring himself to be the son of a family of rank, reduced to distress by the Revolution. His youth, his innocent appearance, and the plausibility of his story, every where procured him a favourable reception and relief. He had no passport, but was never asked for one. He became bolder, and attempted likewise to carry on his trade in the towns. He came to Cherbourg, but was soon taken up as a vagrant. His father, the taylor, being apprized of this, hastened to fetch him, and was not a little surprised to find him richly provided with money and jewels. He brought him back to St. Lo, where the brisk young blade did not, however, stay long, but soon ran away a second time, strolled through the department of Calvados; and, having improved both in body and in mind, he became more ingeniously inventive in his stories than at first. He sometimes passed for a son of the Prince of Monaco, and sometimes for the heir of the Duke d'Ursel, in the Netherlands. He thus raised himself step by step, and ere long made himself a relation of Lewis XVI. of the Emperor Joseph II. and of the King of Prussia. For the sake of his safety, which was threatened, he travelled in women's clothes, pretending that he was just returned from England, whither he had been taking some money to his emigrant father. Many, very many people of rank and education, were deceived, for he flattered their former prejudices; the ladies in particular shewed a

decided partiality for him, because he addressed their hearts. His adventure began to attract some notice, and he was arrested a second time in female attire, and conducted to prison at Bayeux, at the distance of only ten leagues from St. Lo. His father came again to procure his deliverance, which, in consideration of his youth, was indulgently granted, and the lad replaced under paternal authority. He was now to learn the trade of a taylor, an insufferable thought to his mind. He broke loose a third time.

" In 1797 he was in the diligence, or stage-coach, between Laval and Alençon, very plainly and decently habited according to his sex. Not far from the latter place, he alighted, and brushed off to a village by the road-side, called *Les Joncherets*. Being benighted, he begged quarters of a peasant, who directed him to the house of Mademoiselle Talon Lacombe for better accommodation. To this lady he declared himself to be one of the family of Montmorency, who had a castle and estates near Dreux, but was obliged to fly from his persecutors. She conceived a lively interest for his situation, and supplied him with money and clothes, which he promised to repay upon his arrival at Dreux. Here he lived for a while much at his eace, acted the part of a man of quality, and presented, for instance, the ostler who saddled his riding-horse with a louis d'or.

" At last he felt himself induced to set off, and Mademoiselle Lacombe accompanied him to Dreux, to get back the value of what she had advanced to him. They safely reached the place; but both castle and estates had vanished. Can any thing be more natural? The Revolution accounts for every thing. Poorer by fifty louis-dor's, and richer in experience, the lady returned home. The young hero continually gained in boldness. In the month of May, 1798, he ventured in the diligence to Meaux, only eight leagues from Paris, and alighted at the inn, where he indeed, obtained some refreshment, but having no passport, was refused a night's lodging. The wife of a Paris merchant, Laravine, who happened to be at Meaux, took pity on him, and permitted him to sleep in her warehouse. This encouraged him to ask farther favours, and he succeeded. He represented himself as a rich farmer's son at Domery, who had fled to avoid being enrolled as a recruit, and Madame made him a present of four louis-dor's, upon which he hired a place in the diligence for Strasbourg.

" About one league from Chalons he disappeared, and the postillion in vain waited his return. He went to the village of Mery, and wished to make good his story at the castle of Guignaucourt; but being suspected, he was put under arrest, and taken before the justice of peace at Cernon. Being asked who he was,

he mysteriously replied: 'He had no answer to make to such a question.' He was sent to Chalons, where, being again asked to give his name, he proudly said, 'You will learn it but too soon.' At last he said, he was called Louis Antoine Jean François de Langueville; that his father was dead, and that his mother, Madame Sainte Emile, lived at Beuzeville, near Pont Audemar, in the department of Eure. It must be confessed, that it is impossible to tell a lie more circumstantially. Confined in the prison of Chalons, Hervagault assumed an air of grandeur, and a mysterious deportment; he tempted the curious, gave significant hints, and, in short, ere long it was whisperéd about, It is the Dauphin! the son of Louis XVI! The jailer himself believed the story, and advanced him money. The wives of two merchants of the towns Saignes and Felize were initiated in the secret; which soon spread about, and no one any longer doubted. His figure, his manners—'You need but see him,' exclaimed the credulous souls, 'to recognise him at the very first look.' All the inhabitants of Chalons, of the priveleged orders, were by degrees made confidents and adherents; and they all vied with each other in supporting this ill-fated offspring of their king. His table was daily served with dainties of every description, his rooms were elegantly furnished, masters were given him, the jailer treated him with deference and respect; his prisoner was allowed to walk about as often as he pleased, but always in the disguise of a female; in fine, his dungeon was as it were metamorphosed into a pleasure-house.

"Meanwhile the persons who were let into the secret were not sufficiently discreet. A word dropt here and there in the gladness of their hearts, aroused the vigilance of the magistrates; and, after this masquerade was played two months, Hervagault was made to undergo stricter examinations. With artifice and gestures that seemed to belie his words, he now declared that he was the son of a tailor at St. Lo. The father was applied to in writing, confirmed the truth of the declaration, and the offender was sentenced to *one month's* imprisonment. This mild punishment was considered as a victory by those who thought they really knew the secret: during his trial, they trembled lest the real origin of the prisoner should not escape discovery. In order to free him from the prying vigilance of the police, they abundantly furnished him with money and jewels, and thus facilitated his retreat. He was very well satsfied with the issue, and now began to act his part at Vire, in the department of Calvados. Here he made but a few proselytes, was soon arrested again, and with greater severity doomed to two years' imprisonment. As the inhabitants of Vire only considered him as a young vagabond, he would have passed these two years very sorrily, had not his

faithful adherents at Chalons continued to support him; on which occasion the consoling Madame Saignes conducted the correspondence. This woman really wished him well, and advised him to apply the time of his confinement to the improvement of his education; but he gave way to drinking, and at the end of two years left the prison worse than when he entered. Madame Saignes herself went to fetch him from Vire to Chalons, into the bosom of his faithful and devoted friends. The most splendid preparations were made for his reception. He arrived, received congratulations, had flowers strewed at his feet, and was treated with the most distinguished respect. In short, the horn of plenty was again most copiously poured out on the taylor's son of St. Lo. When the police discovered these proceedings, his partisans, upon deliberation, found it expedient to send the Dauphin on his travels. His route was so contrived that he every where found confidential friends, who being previously informed of his supposed high birth, shewed him all the respect due to that exalted station. He was once at Rheims, twice at Vitry le Français, and often at different country-seats, where balls, concerts, and feasts, of every kind, were given in honour of him. At Vitry he was splendidly and conveniently lodged at the house of Madame de Rambecour, whose husband closely followed all his footsteps, waited upon him with the most attentive zeal, and served him like a valet. On St. Louis's day a superb *fête* was prepared for him, it being the feast of the saint whose name he bore. The ladies sung songs composed in honour of him. In the confidential circles which he frequented, they always called him, *mon prince!* his portrait was handed about as that of the *Dauphin*, and it was reported that the Pope himself had imprinted a mark on his leg, to know him again by; finally, a letter was handed about from a *bishop*, in which this deluded prelate *writes in expressions of the profoundest respect for this young vagabond; and, by his example, convinced many who were still wavering in their belief.* Already was a court formed round Louis XVI.; he had immediately his favourites, and was going to nominate those who were to hold the great offices of his household. Many names of consequence were to be found among them. They all glowed with enthusiasm, and prepared to make the greatest sacrifices. MEN OF BIRTH AND RANK *deemed themselves fortunate on being able to perform the meanest drudgery of menial service for him.* Misers turned spendthrifs, that they might have the honour of entertaining him. It was very natural that such proceedings should not escape the eye of a vigilant police. Fouche was informed at Paris of all that was going forward at Vitry; and a warrant put an end to the farce.

"But even when taken into custody, Hervagault *conducted himself with a loftiness and dignity that struck all present with a kind of dubious awe.* His downcast confidents surrounded him with the most heart-felt reverence; one of them, highly moved, begged leave to embrace him, and the taylor's son negligently tendered his hand to kiss. The very first night of his incarceration a most splendid feast was given at the prison. Intercessions were made for his release upon bail, but in vain; all that could be obtained was to mitigate, as much as possible, the rigours of his captivity. He was constantly served in the most sumptuous manner, and so accustomed to this high style of living, that once a chicken, a pigeon, with a sallad and custard, being served for his supper, he thought proper to find the fare incomplete, and indignantly dashed the mess on the ground. Adnet, the notary, called him in his prison *Monseigneur,* and was most graciously rewarded with the appellation of *Mon petit page, mon petit valet de chambre d'amitié.* Thus he acted his part, and always with an air of the utmost importance. Going to mass, a servant carried his prayer-book and cushion. He appointed a secretary, and made him sign in his name that of Louis Charles. Where a man bears a great name, said he to the justices, he is sure to be exposed to persecution. The Mayor of Vitry, owing to the great concourse of people, found himself, at last, under the necessity of putting him under closer confinement, and, at the same time, intercepted the *enormous supplies of wine* and good cheer sent for his use. No person, but those absolutely necessary to attend him, was permitted admission without a ticket. Meanwhile, *his offence was by no means considered in a political view,* but merely as a matter belonging to the correctional police, to the enquiry and punishment of which it was accordingly left. Madame Saignes was likewise taken up as his accomplice; but there being no proof to convict her, was acquitted in consequence. Hervagault, in the beginning of the year 1802, was sentenced to four years imprisonment, as a sharper and abuser of the credulity of the people, and confined accordingly in the house of correction at Ostend. Both the delinquent, and the *attorney-general,* though upon different grounds, *appealed against this sentence* to the government.

"The matter was now to be treated at Rheims, when a new and very important actor suddenly burst upon the scene of this tragi-comedy. The aged prelate L. de S.... Bishop de V.... *a man venerable for his integrity, universally respected for the austerity of his manners and his profound learning,* EXPRESSED HIS CONVICTION THAT HERVAGAULT WAS THE REAL AND GENUINE DAUPHIN. He had even spoken to the surgeons that had anatomised the corpse of the *pretended Dauphin.*

in the Temple, WHO HAD INFORMED HIM IT WAS NOT THAT OF THE REAL ONE. He resolved upon freeing his young Monarch from the chains of captivity, lent out considerable sums to effect this purpose, abandoned the very functions of his office, came to Rheims, corresponded with the prisoner by means of the keeper of the jail, and thought himself sure of his being the identical person. The dauphin's death appeared to him a mere political lie of the National Convention. He even thought it his duty to give to the neglected prince a good education, and endeavoured to accomplish this end with the purest and sincerest intentions. He sent him amongst other works one day, *Le Genie du Christianisme* by *Chateaubriant,* and the tragedy of Athalia, upon which he received, to his surprise, this answer: 'Do you mock me? all this I know by heart.' All the fears of the prelate were, lest the object of his care should be sentenced to transportation. To prevent this, he strained every nerve, and made use of the interest of every friend he could command in Paris: he drew up a list of those persons to whom he intended to entrust the fate of the Dauphin. In it were found, amongst others, the names of Brissac, Necker, Madame de Stael, Montesson, Roquelaire, Angouleme, Talleyrand, Puys de Segur, Boufflers, La Harpe, &c. Some believed him, some did not; some called him a *Blondel,* some a *Joab.* The correspondence was carried on in cyphers; it even went so far, that the project was formed to marry the dauphin with a distant relation of the royal family. Hervagault at first seemed to wave the proposal, for he had (as the reader will presently be informed) sworn the oath of fidelity and affection to the queen of Portugal's most amiable sister, but from political motives he yielded, and it was resolved to make levies of men for his service. But ere these negociations could possibly ripen, the trial before the criminal tribunal at Rheims was once more publicly revised, and that in the presence of a numerous multitude of people, who all were in favour of the accused, loudly murmured against the prosecuting attorney-general, and with enthusiastic fervour applauded the official defender of Hervagault. The judges, however, would not suffer themselves to be misguided, and confirmed the original sentence. While they were deliberating on the subject in another room, the most painful anxiety was depicted in the countenance of every spectator in court. Hervagault heard his sentence with composure, with a smile of contempt; and his partisans, instead of giving credit to the juridical decision, obstinately persevered in their former pre-conceived opinion. They continued to wait on him with royal service in the place of his detention. He had by him, amongst other effects, a silver cup, on which were the letters L. C. (Louis Charles) engraved and decorated with

an antique French crown. This he pretended to the jailor was his cypher. *None of his adherents deserted his cause; on the contrary, their zeal redoubled,* and the venerable Bishop of V—— always headed them. Nay, the latter did not confine his zeal to presents and good advice, he even resolved most actively to exert himself; and being informed that it was intended to bring his illustrious pupil from Rheims to Soissons, he determined to rescue him on the road from the hands of his persecutors. This youthful project of an old head was betrayed; the Bishop and his papers were seized; and it evidently appeared upon proof, that it was his intention to make the taylor's son of St. Lo act the part of the dauphin. The government, however, had compassion on the hoary dotard, and gave him his liberty. Hervagault himself, had fared better, if the least prospect of amendment had appeared in his conduct; but as he formed another junto of partisans at Soissons, it was thought proper to make him disappear.

"In order to render it conceivable how so many persons of rank and knowledge of the world, should have suffered themselves to be made the dupes of this raw youngster, people ought themselves to have heard him tell his story. With great emotion he would remember how Louis XVI. his father, used to give him lessons in history and geography in the Temple. In the tone of the most ingenious simplicity, he would talk of a little bitch called *Fidèle,* of which Marie Antoinette, his mother, was very fond. The most minute details he described with infantile vivacity, nor did he forget that Simon, his jailer, used to wake him in the dead of night, to convince himself that he had not been carried off. 'I was obliged,' said he, 'to perform the meanest drudgery, which affected my health.'—'The ninth Thermidor alleviated the miseries of many victims of the revolution as well as mine; they gave me better clothes, more wholesome victuals, and even allowed me the diversions suitable to my age. My sister was permitted to come to me, to eat and play. What a moment was the first of our re-union! *(he always wept bitterly when speaking of this interview.)* Meanwhile my health became continually more impaired, and the prison air must have killed me, had not the Lord decreed to send me relief. One day, about the latter end of May, 1795, as I was just going to dose, one of my keepers, whom I always liked for his mildness, accosted me, and whispering said, 'My dear child, you would soon die in this prison, but people who love you, though utter strangers, let you know that, if you keep the secret, they will soon bring you to a place where you shall be at full liberty, and play with children of your own age.' I swallowed his words with avidity, promised to reveal nothing, and waited with

anxiety the fulfilment of his promise. On the following evening, about the same time, a cart with clean linen came into the court-yard to be unloaded, and to take in another quantity of foul. *Among this linen was laid concealed a very sickly looking child, about my age.* A strong man in a sailor's dress took me in his arms, put me amongst a parcel of the foul things, and only a small aperture kept me from suffocation; the last thing that I saw in my prison, was the sick child, whom they put in my bed. I was rather roughly flung into the bottom of the cart, and without any farther obstruction conveyed to *Challiot.* As soon as we got out of the temple, they gave me a little more air, but on approaching the barriers they covered me again entirely. At Passy I was carried, still packed up, into a low room, where I was quite at liberty. Here I saw three strange men, who threw themselves at my feet, and seemed to be quite beside themselves with joy. *They quickly put on me female attire, placed me in a post-chaise, and drove along the road to La Vendée to the army of the royalists.* How it came about that I should be liberated, I was not informed till a long time afterwards. After Robespierre's fall, the ruling factions were divided among themselves, and many were not disinclined to the restoration of royalty; overtures were made to the Vendean royalists, and negociations opened with them by Rouelle, a member of the National Convention; and one of the conditions which the former insisted upon was, my being delivered up to them; to which, however, the committee of public welfare added the restriction, that my deliverance should at first be kept a secret, and another child substituted in my place. After long and violent debates, the royalists assented to the measure. The only difficulty was to find a proper subject of a child to replace me. Count Louis de Trotte undertook it, and sent the Abbé Laurent for this purpose into Normandy, attended by his adjutant Du Hamel. *They bribed one Hervagault, a taylor at St. Lo, to sacrifice, for a consideration of 200,000 francs, for the general good, his son, who resembled me.* They otherwise assured the taylor that he han nothing to dread for his son's life, and they even concealed it from him that the stripling should be lulled into a sound sleep, by means of a strong dose of opium.

"There were but three persons in the Temple who knew the secret; this was the jailer's wife, the above-mentioned turnkey, and the sweeper of the prison. It was the latter who carried me out, and delivered me at Passy to Messrs. De Trotte du Chatelier and Abbé Laurent. Two hours after my deliverance, the celebrated Dessault, to whose care I had been entrusted, came into the Temple, when the too strong dose of opium had lulled the child, which was laid in my bed, into a lethargic slumber,

resembling death. Dessault was going to feel his pulse without waking him, but on laying his hand upon his body, he perceived such a difference between it and mine, that he uttered a shriek, and his amazement was changed into the most violent fright, when, upon close inspection, no doubt remained of its being another child. He remained near an hour in mute amazement. He considered his responsibility, the danger he was in, and finally resolved to screen himself by sending a secret report, perfectly congenial to the truth, to the committee of public welfare; where Rovere, the then president, who was in the secret, after the first paroxysms of violence to his astonished and furious colleagues had subsided, proved to them that silence would be the best remedy, particularly so as there was every appearance that the strange and sickly child would die, in which case it would be perfectly easy to persuade all Europe, that the real dauphin was dead. Dessault was summoned before the committee, and loaded with such bitter reproaches, that, overwhelmed with grief and vexation, he fell into a disease, which, baffling all the skill of medicine, proved fatal to him. My little substitute died likewise. Dessault's successor, upon dissection of the body, was equally sensible that it was not mine, and consequently made use of the following equivocal phrase, in the *procés verbal: 'Nous sommes procédés à l'ouverture d'un cadavre, que les commissaires nous présentèrent comme celui du fils de Louis Capet.'* i. e. 'We proceeded to the opening of a corpse, *which the commissioners presented to us* as that of the son of Louis Capet."

He proceeds to state, that he acquired vigour by the motion of the vehicle, arrived at Belleville, the head-quarters of the royalists, and after the expedition to Quiberon, that he was sent to England by desire of the British Government.

We had hitherto, from a variety of circumstances, not only given implicit credit to this singular story, and far from considering its hero as a swindler, or obscure adventurer, we must confess that, from the coincidence of events in the narration, and those of the revolution, which are still fresh in our memory, we viewed him only in the light of the real and undoubted heir of the throne of France. But the subsequent part of his story is too absurd to deserve attention, and induces the reflecting reader to withdraw that confidence which he had placed in the preceding statements. For example, he boldly asserts, that after all the perils that he had encountered, from the tyrants of his own country, it was in England that his life was most in danger, for that his relations here, the venerable Count d'Artois, and others, had conspired to poison him! That in consequence of this transaction, the King of England sent him to Rome and Portugal, with powerful recommendations. That the Pope

blessed and annointed him, and caused the *fleur-de-lis* to be imprinted on his right leg; that the Duchess of Orleans, on his arrival at Lisbon, prostrated herself at his feet; that the Queen of Portugal caused him to fall in love with her *siter*, the *dowager* of the Prince of Brazil, that she procured for him a declaration, signed by *nine sovereigns*, promising him succour, and which is still in the archives of Portugal, &c. &c.

We do not hesitate to pronounce the whole of this statement, from the part at which he mentions his departure from Quiberon, to be a contemptible mass of falsehood: but our readers will recollect, that this last part of the narration is not inserted in the records of the French Government:—it may, therefore, have been fabricated, for motives which may easily be conceived; but we do not entertain this idea of the whole account. We well know the character of the present tyrant of France, and convinced of the instability of his power, we will submit the question to our more penetrating readers, whether it be not very probable, that Buonaparte has secretly preserved this youth in order that when his own fortune shall experience a reverse, the time of which we hope is not far distant, he may make a merit of his abdication, by restoring the kingdom to its rightful owner, and thus obtain a remission of that punishment which would otherwise be the result of his audacity and his crimes?

We learn from M. Kotzebue, that Lucien Buonaparte, admittedly one of the best of the family, has an excellent gallery of paintings, which is open to the public at large. Lucien, it seems, is a domestic man, and frequently accompanies his visitors, carrying his child in his arms. We must pass over our author's remarks on the superb paintings in this mansion, by referring our readers to the book itself.

The insitution for the deaf and dumb, next passes under his notice; and afterwards, the French theatres, at which he disapproves of the manner of acting tragedies, and makes many remarks upon the talents of the different performers, which, though they may be just, we think are common-place and trivial. He attended a piece which was damned; and described the uproar to be exactly similar to what we have often witnessed in our own theatres: though the following method of effecting such a purpose we never before heard of. "I have been assured," says he, "that the men take whistles, with bellows *under both arms*, and in *both shoes*, to the theatre, so that they seem to applaud with their hands, while they are only moving them to put the whistles in motion; and as often as they stand on tiptoe, and let their heels sink again, the whistling sounds from their shoes!"

At the *Theatre du Vaudeville*, a sort of Astleian place of buffoonery, a peculiar custom prevails amongst the audience:

"Should only the end of a shawl hang down from the front of one of the boxes, the whole pit immediately exclaims, 'Away with the shawl!' *(ôtez le shawl)*: if the lady does not instantly obey, the noise redoubles, and 'throw over the shawl,' *(jettez le shawl)* is the cry. Ladies have often been obliged to give way to these brutal demands. In those instances where it was refused, the uproar rose to such a formidable pitch, that the police was obliged to interfere, and to desire the lady in the box, to comply with the vociferating rabble."

About half of the last volume is filled by what the author calls "notes from his pocket-book," and which consist of a variety of detached and interesting fragments, relative to the manners of the people of Paris. We shall select a few of these passages, by way of specimen, and with these we shall conclude our analysis.

"Most of the *ci-devants* are not only poor, but really suffer the most distressing want, which even obliges them to solicit charity. But they, in general, have such a way of begging, as prepossesses one in their favour; they send up their name, generally a well-known and celebrated one, at which the doors fly open immediately to receive them. In they step, full of the assurance of their pristine character, sit down by the fire-side, lavishing the most impudent flattery on the strangers present, and are apt to talk of a thousand things for an hour together, without touching, with a single syllable, on their distressed condition. They will, for instance, say, they only wish to make the strangers' acquaintance, &c. At last they open their budget, at first in metaphors, then somewhat plainer, genteelly hinting that they had written a book, for which they took in subscriptions; and immediately, with a negligent air, fling down the proposals on the next table, all the while talking of other things. Often has it been my fate to fall in with such nobility and gentry, and I could quote names that would astonish the reader. Many of them, to be sure, do not venture to act the part in *propriâ personâ*, but they write letters, carrying at least the appearance of modesty.

"It is, however, easy for me to conceive, that people, thus educated, and accustomed to such a life as they led, being once reduced to mendicity, could not beg in any other manner."

"The author of a theatrical piece, or of the music belonging to it, is treated in France in the following manner: Every night's receipts is divided into three parts, of which the author receives a seventh out of one third. This, however, would be but doing little for them; but they receive this seventh part not

once, but as long as they live, and their heirs ten years after their death; they receive it not only in Paris, but all over France, and from every theatre; and this not merely while the piece remains in manuscript, but long after it has been printed, for no manager of a theatre dare have it acted without the express permission of the author. The piratical printing of a piece is likewise subjected to heavy penalties. Many will object to the possibility of the author's being often deceived, as he neither can know, or be informed of the pieces played all over France, and of the frequency and amount of the receipts of the different houses, it being extremely expensive to collect information of this kind.

"All this has, however, been provided for; there exists an office in Paris, established for the purpose. Here the author of any dramatic production need but mention his name, and the office takes care of all the *rest*. The office has its correspondents and cashiers all over the country, and with a clear conscience, accounts to the author for all the shares of his profits, for the moderate allowance of two per cent.

"Madame Molé, who translated Misanthropy and Repentance rather in an aukward way, is already in possession of a property of 60,000 livres, and even now this comedy is frequently performed three times on the same day, in the different theatres in Paris. To ME, its AUTHOR, the sum total brought by this piece never exceeded 200 *German dollars!!!*"

"Of a girl romantically in love, I have noted an anecdote, which is said to have happened very recently, and which will touch the feelings of most of my readers, as it did mine.

"She was playing on the harpsichord, and her lover used often to accompany her on the harp. He died, and his harp had remained in her room. After the first access of despair, she sunk into the deepest melancholy, and much time elapsed ere she could sit down to her instrument. At last she did so, gave some touches, and, hark! the harp tuned alike, resounded in echo! The good girl was at first seized with a secret shuddering, but soon felt a kind of soft melancholy. She thought herself firmly persuaded that the spirit of her lover was softly sweeping the strings of the instrument. The harpsichord from this moment constituted her only pleasure, as it alone afforded her the joyful certainty that her lover was still hovering about her. One of those unfeeling men, who want to know and clear up every thing, once entered her apartment; the girl instantly begged him to be quiet, for that very moment the dear harp spoke most distinctly. Being informed of the amiable illusion which overcame her reason, he laughed, and with a great display of learning, proved to her, by experimental physics, that all this was very natural.—

From that instant the maiden grew melancholy, drooped, and soon after died."

"L**, an old man of 70, had been rector in the village of Gagny, in the department of Seine and Oise 25 years; but, like many others, was proscribed and transported. Having wandered about for many years in a state of wretchedness, a milder government at last permitted him to revisit his native home. A short time before my arrival, he paid a visitto the mayor of Villemamble, a village in the neighbourhood of Gagny. Being so near his former mansion, he felt an irresistible desire of revisiting his old steeple. The mayor attended him. At the sight of his village the hoary sire was extremely agitated, and could walk no further without being supported by his friend. Scarcely had he past the first houses, scarcely had some of the inhabitants perceived him, but shouts of joy resounded all over the place, with the exclamation, *Our old parson is returned*! Men, women, and children, thronged to see him: he was surrounded, almost stifled with caresses, and loaded with blessings. Every one wished to treat him; one drags him into this house another into that; they produce the children born during his absence; they will not suffer him to depart, without pledging his promise to come and say mass on the following Sunday; he promised it, and kept his word. Though he no longer found his sacerdotal habits, and the former ornaments of the church, yet the whole altar was decorated with flowers, and the whole village was contained within the precincts of the church. He performed the sacred functions of his office with heart-moving sensibility, upon which a *Te Deum* was suddenly chanted.—He asked why?—*We celebrate your return*, was the answer. Scarcely able to sustain the weight of so much cordial attachment, he leaves the church; a solemn deputation of his flock wait on him with the earnest prayer to return to the parsonage, and end the remaining days of his venerable career in the midst of his children. Such had not been his design; he had longed for solitary repose, but what resistance can be opposed to such prayers? Scenes of this kind, I am assured, have happened in several places."

We have already said so much in praise of this interesting work, that any farther remarks would be superfluous: we cannot, however, refrain from delaring, that it is, in our opinion, amongst the best and cheapest books of Travels which British literature has in modern times produced.

END OF KOTZEBUE'S JOURNEY.